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DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS, &c.

CONFESSIONS

OF AN

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(*With "Levana," "The Rosicrucians and Freemasons," "Notes from the Pocket-Book of a Late Opium-Eater," etc.*)

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

LONDON:
WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1886.

DE QUINCEY.

IN the narrow range of that fascinating section of literature which deals with the intimate self-disclosure of the soul, the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* holds conspicuous place. Marcus Aurelius, Rousseau, Amiel,—the most diverse personalities have an abiding claim upon our imaginative sympathy. We come face to face with the moral, the intellectual, the spiritual emotions of men who pass before us with the inmost secrets of their hearts laid bare to curious eyes—and we are electrified by what we see. The natural sounds of earth—wind in the branches, a wave falling on the sea-shore—appeal to all, but not in the same way as does some subtle chord struck by a great musician, some string with its pathetic *vox humana*, thrilling from the touch of the master violinist. The inner lives of our kind are to us as these natural sounds—to be interpreted but by very few—while like these revealing passages of lyric passion are the rare individuals whose "souls and bodies are one, for their spirit is not hidden, but, as their body is, visible." To this rare band De Quincey, by virtue of his *Confessions*, belongs.

Landor utters a fine and true saying when in one of his Imaginary Conversations he makes Vittoria Colonna remark that "the human heart is a world of poetry; the imagination is only its atmosphere." It is because so much of De Quincey's finest work is so essentially human that he has taken and is likely to retain the high place in the realm of literature which is undeniably his. Universal human interest—herein lies the sole secret of literary immortality: the revelation of the individual heart, its struggles and sorrows, its keen human sympathies in contact with a difficult world, finding an unrestful ease in that "power of dreaming" which is so familiar and yet so mysterious, and whose visionary emanations have never ceased to interest since waking and sleeping first were. Given these things, and for their interpretation the magic of a style like De Quincey's at its best, and the result is one of the rarest in literature—a work whose appeal "out of space, out of time," is perennial, unaffected by the changing fashions and periods of the literary world.

Those portions of De Quincey's work which bear most clearly the impression of his own individuality, and which Time seems to be gradually separating from his other writings, deserve to be credited with a higher originality than has commonly been awarded to them. In estimating the position of the author of the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* and the *Suspiria de Profundis* in our literature, most writers have somewhat ignored, for instance, his independency of contemporary influence in respect of these exquisite masterpieces of English prose. He has been commonly regarded as in some sort an eccentric attachment to the "Lake School," and especially as an interesting but very derivative disciple of Coleridge; whereas for the indubitably characteristic part of his writing it would be a nice analysis which discovered his indebtedness to any of his contemporaries. As a thinker, De Quincey was, we may admit, influenced by Coleridge; he was a consistent disciple in that vein of ecclesiastical metaphysics and deceptive scholasticism which is associated with the latter in his least illustrious aspect; "he was the adjective," wittily observed by Mr. Leslie Stephen, "of which Coleridge was the substantive." But then it is not, after all, for his powers of reasoning or his services to philosophy that De Quincey's reputation is to-day so world-wide. With every intention of being a great thinker, it must be confessed that De Quincey failed in substantiating his claim; he was diffuse often where he ought to have been direct, seemed to be utterly incapable, as it has been said, of concentration, and was not even infallible in the logic which he so paraded. The pervading intellectuality that gives dignity and grace to his writing in general was, however, largely due to his habit of exercising himself in all scholarly discipline. In the early pages of the *Confessions* he says of himself, "For my own part, without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher. From my birth I was made an intellectual creature; and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my schoolboy days." The resultant atmosphere of culture everywhere present in his works gives a peculiar dignity to his writing, and this may be gratefully accepted without any disposition to regard him in the light of a logician or philosopher; but in this larger sense of a great writer's intellectual power, he was more indebted to the great spirits of Greece and Elizabethan England than to his own immediate contemporaries. And after all has been done to trace the sources of what is highest in his multifarious work, the reader will be apt to retire in despair, even as he would be fain to do from attempting to trace the literary derivation of the impalpable inspiration of Heine's *Traumbilder* or Milton's noble prose harmonies.

The only thing that throws much light on De Quincey's literary qualities is De Quincey himself; more is to be learnt by a careful examination into the revelations of his mental constitution given in the *Confessions* and other autobiographical portions of his writings than from any other source, and the reader who can give the true interpretation of what is to be found there will have got at as much of the secret of De Quincey's remarkable prose production as can be attained by natural means. All that is most delicately significant in his life as affecting his literary standpoint is to be found clearly, if somewhat ideally, stated in the *Confessions;* supplementing these with a brief account of what preceded and followed, and filling up in some cases the blanks in the names of places and persons, the writer becomes fully revealed to us. The actual narrative in the *Confessions* opens in the year 1792, with the death of De Quincey's father. "My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians." The seven previous years might not seem at first of much importance, but in the case of an imaginative nature like De Quincey's the impressions of early childhood play a leading part in the moulding of genius and temperament, and over and over again the writer has reverted to the unspeakable influence of his childish associations upon the dream enchantments of that "just, subtle, and mighty opium" that he invoked with such dread and magnificent effect.

De Quincey was born on the 15th of August 1785, and, on the authority of Professor Masson, not at *Greenhay*, as has usually been stated, but at a "pretty rustic dwelling" called *The Farm*, which, like Greenhay, however, was situated just outside Manchester. "The general impression he conveys of himself," writes Professor Masson, "from his second or third year onwards, is that of a very diminutive, shy, sensitive, and dreamy child, moving about, when out of doors, always on green turf or in garden-walks, and within doors always among young brothers and sisters in a house of wealthy and even luxurious elegance." The imaginative associations of the child-life in the little group of brothers and sisters, under the rule of the stately and refined, if somewhat unsympathetic mother; the childish fantasies, and the dread coming of death to touch ever afterwards with sombre inspiration the feeling for all the transient realities of life; —these bear very intimately on the genius of our author in many ways. De Quincey's mother especially is a figure that must in no wise be ignored; of strictly orthodox respectability, she was deficient in the fine sympathy which would have enabled her to treat to the best result a sensitive, dreamy boy like the young De Quincey. Professor Masson quotes the account given him by a lady, herself "a strict religionist of the antique evangelical type," who had known Mrs. De Quincey, which is very interesting in this connection. "She retained to the last," he says, "an opinion of De Quincey which she had probably caught from colloquies with his mother concerning him in his most dubious days. A stately woman, every inch a lady, moving in the best county circles, and with her feet on the Rock of Ages—such was, and always had been, De Quincey's mother; as for the son, celebrity or no celebrity, what was he but a waif?"

How far the influence of this stately mother tended by the rule of opposites to develop in the sensitive boy the seeds of the Bohemian instinct which was so counter to the perfect respectability of her own temperament, we can only surmise. Looking forward to the time when De Quincey ran away from school, and considering his mother's attitude towards him then, it is clear at anyrate that she had no little share in making his life what it ultimately turned out to be. The most prominent episode in these childish days in their later period, when the home-life proper was giving way to school-life, was the advent of an elder brother, William, who had hitherto been away from home, but was brought back to be placed under a tutor with the younger, Tom. "Never was such a boy as this William De Quincey, such a boisterous, frank, pugilistic, clever, inventive son of eternal racket," comments Professor Masson, and the story of the way in which he led and commanded and influenced and victimised the sensitive little fellow, five years his junior, as told by De Quincey, is full of humour and tender interest. "His genius for mischief amounted to inspiration," this unfortunate victim says of him. Here again the influence of this "imperious young sultan of the family" was all-important in its effect upon De Quincey, who, however, thinks it was not altogether a misfortune that this vision of full-blooded life and action crossed his path to stir him out of his state of rather morbid reverie. A few years later, and this high-spirited boy was to end his career suddenly in an attack of typhus fever, while the weakly younger brother lived on, surviving him by more than half-a-century. The feeling engendered in De Quincey in his relations with, first his stately mother, and then this high-spirited brother, of being in some sort an Ishmaelite, "physically contemptible," resting on a "foundation of utter despicableness," ought to be noted carefully, as giving the key to much in his after-development. Professor Masson's reference to the frequent use in De Quincey's vocabulary of the word *Pariah*, meaning "social outcast," is significant in this respect, leading us to consider in how far his personal sense of a kind of *Pariahship* led to his sympathy, as so memorably expressed in the *Confessions*, with all those in sorrow or distress, with all outcasts whatsoever from the pale of respectability and earthly happiness.

It is unnecessary to enlarge very much upon the later school-days, first at the Bath Grammar School (Mrs. De Quincey having elected to move from Greenhay to live at Bath), then at a private school at Winkfield, in Wiltshire, and then at the Manchester Grammar School, from which he finally escaped on his first adventure into Bohemia. The spiritual and literary significance of this period of his life is sufficiently preserved in the *Confessions*, in a way indeed which leaves little or nothing to be said by the biographer. One holiday interlude in these school-days is worthy of special note, however, as it is omitted as not coming within the immediate scope of the *Confessions*, while it constitutes the only approach to a romance-episode to be found in these youthful days. It occurred in the year 1800, when a boy-friend, Lord Westport, asked De Quincey to accompany him from Eton to his father's estates in the West of Ireland; and on that part of the journey which had to be performed on the Grand Canal, the boys met two ladies, "the widowed Countess of Errol, in deep mourning, and her sister, Miss Blake," to whom De Quincey was introduced by his friend. With the younger lady De Quincey at once struck up an unconventional acquaintance, and "talked about the English poets for the whole of one afternoon," and, as one result of these discussions, it is evident that Blake became a name of no ordinary significance for some time henceforward. In his Autobiography De Quincey notes:—"From this day I was an altered creature, never again relapsing into the careless, irreflective mind of childhood." Beyond this and other episodes of less importance to be gleaned from the Autobiography, all that is needful can be derived from the *Confessions* themselves. In any case it is only necessary to fill up a few of the blanks left by De Quincey for reasons valid at the time, but which hardly hold good at so long a period afterwards. These blanks, so far as they relate to his school-days, the reader will be able to complete from what has already been stated; as, for instance, that it was the Manchester Grammar School from which he made the escape so graphically described in the *Confessions.* De Quincey purposely omits here one incident in connection with the memorable escape that is, however, worthy of record. His mother having got tired of Bath had moved to a house in Chester, called the Priory, and it was thither that he went first of all in the hopes of making some propitiatory arrangement, which, fortunately for him, the presence of his uncle, a Colonel Penson, his mother's only surviving brother, rendered successful, where his mother's severe notions of decorum would assuredly only have led to severity and absolute refusal. It was arranged accordingly that the runaway should have an allowance of a guinea a-week, with liberty to wander at will. To the sequent wanderings in Wales succeeds again the famous London episode which extended in point of time only from November 1802 to the summer of 1803, but which occupies intrinsically so large a proportion of his youthful history. The house immortalised in the *Confessions*—the house "without household or establishment," and containing "only a table and a few chairs," which gave the homeless lad shelter, was in Greek Street, Soho; the name of the master of the house, with his mixed qualities of honour and dishonour, it seems more delicate to leave for ever in the anonymity in which De Quincey left it. Remembering the many changes that have taken place in London thoroughfares since the date of De Quincey's boyish sojourn amidst them—Regent Street, for instance, being yet unbuilt at that time—there are still many of his haunts that can be traced by the zealous student; Greek Street, Soho, and Oxford Street, in especial, remain practically much the same.

Keeping an eye chiefly to the main episodes, the next period to be noted in De Quincey's life is that of his sojourn at Worcester College, Oxford, whither he went in the autumn of 1803, being then just eighteen years old. At Oxford he does not seem to have made himself conspicuous in any way, passing most of his time in a studious seclusion, which bore fruit in a thorough acquaintance with German literature, so important in his literary development, and in a more complete grasp of his own literature as a whole, beside a marked general advance in academic proficiency. Little more is known, however, of his Oxford days than that, on his own confession, it was then that he first resorted to opium, and as evidence of his academic acquirements, that he went up for his B.A. examination, and acquitted himself with such distinction in the written part of it that one of the examiners is said to have told the Worcester College authorities that they had sent up the cleverest man he had ever encountered; but De Quincey, for some reason or other, never completed his examination, and never took his degree, suddenly taking himself off somewhere, presumably to London, in one of his restless fits of opium-vagrancy. His actual residency at the University, with certain similar intervals to that narrated, seems to have lasted till 1808. Before this, however, in addition to literary adventures in London, where he had already encountered Charles Lamb, he had made a pilgrimage in search of Coleridge, whose prose works had begun to influence him considerably; having succeeded in finding the philosopher and ex-poet at Bridgewater, he speedily established himself in the position of devout disciple. This acquaintance had important further results, for an impending course of lectures at the Royal Institution in London prevented Coleridge from accompanying his wife and three children, who were bound for the lakes to stay with Southey at Keswick, and this gave De Quincey the chance to proffer his services as escort to the party, which were accepted; this was the means of introducing him to Wordsworth and his little circle at Grasmere, where, with his travelling party, he stayed for two nights in the poet's cottage, which he was after to occupy himself, and dream many unspeakable dreams in. It was only two years later, in November 1809, that he established himself there, in the home which was to be his for more than twenty years, having, on his coming of age three years before, managed to put his pecuniary arrangements on a better footing, which is generously attested indeed by his gift, under a veil of anonymity, of three hundred pounds to Coleridge, whom he had discovered to be in a state of melancholy owing to embarrassed circumstances. The year 1808, spent chiefly in London in intercourse with Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and other leading men of letters, with occasional returns to

Oxford, may be looked upon as the climateric year of De Quincey's formative period—the period which ends with the early years of his establishment at Grasmere.

The remainder of De Quincey's history is soon told, for, although full of interest, the remaining years had little to do with the formation of his character and literary faculty, and may therefore be glanced over more rapidly. Only the first years of his Lake-land life must not be overlooked, as belonging very emphatically to the formative period; and it is insistently important that the reader should realise the communion with Coleridge, Wordsworth, in a less degree, Southey, and, in the very first degree, with "Christopher North"—that John Wilson, of tremendous physique, who played Titan to De Quincey's pigmy in numberless rambles in that "north countrie." As Professor Masson remarks, it must have been a sight to see the two together in their joint peregrinations over the hills, the little De Quincey trudging side by side with his majestic comrade! De Quincey was, however, at all times a great pedestrian, and able to hold his own easily, even in his old age, with the best of walkers. Thus passed several years, spent for the most part in severe study, especially of the German metaphysicians, and in that constant vain struggle against the ever-increasing opium-craving, which reached the stage of confirmed supremacy, to the terrible extent of 8000 drops of laudanum, or about seven wine-glassfuls daily, in the year 1813—in some respects a fatally significant year in his history. The years passed until 1816, when he married the M—— of the *Confessions*—Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who serves so charmingly to complete that picture of a cottage "interior," with its snug fireside and other comfortable items, sketched by De Quincey with such success of picturesque realisation. This struggle with the baneful influences of opium, after a period in which all hope of literary accomplishment seemed lost for ever in the imbecile weakness of will produced by the drug, reached a more favourable stage in 1819, when pecuniary difficulties compelled De Quincey to a final severe effort to overthrow its supremacy in order to marshal his faculties and turn them to account in bread-winning. His first projected works, like most first-projects of the embryo author, were on a considerable scale, as the mere titles of two undertakings, one of a philosophical work,—"De Emendatione Humani Intellectus," another the result of his enthusiastic interest in Ricardo and Political Economy,—"Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy," testify, were on a fairly ambitious scale; but in the face of urgent difficulties he was obliged to leave the latest of the two projects where a previous fit of the opium torpor had stayed it, and was glad to accept offer of the editorship of a local Conservative paper, *The Westmorland Gazette*, which, after certain negotiations, ended in his performing the duties of editor-in-chief from the Grasmere domicile for a guinea a-week! The editorship, for whatever cause terminated, did not last a year, but it marks a point of departure in De Quincey's life, and the beginning of the period of literary production, and is important accordingly. Henceforth we see De Quincey embarked upon the fully committed voyage of the magazine contributor and intellectual hack, a career which in these days is too common to need description, but which was then a much rarer thing. It was in the newly-established *London Magazine*, to which Keats, then recently deceased, had contributed, and which numbered among other contributors, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, "Barry Cornwall," and Tom Hood, that De Quincey made his first pronounced literary appearance, and at once with part of the most celebrated of all his writings, for "in the number for September 1821 appeared a paper of twenty pages, entitled, *Confessions of an Opium-Eater, being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.*"

There is no need to pursue De Quincey through all the intricacies of the labyrinth of magazine literature in the ensuing years. Suffice it to say, that with a reputation at once assured by this first contribution, he contributed in turn to nearly every important magazine of his time, and produced altogether the imposing total of one hundred and fifty articles. These were produced partly at Grasmere, partly in London, where he resided at intervals, leaving his wife with an increasing family of children in her native place, but most of all in Edinburgh, where, most un-Scottish of all the spirits who ever found refuge within its walls, he finally settled with his wife and children in 1830, having in his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, through John Wilson, made it a place of frequent resort previously. In Edinburgh he reared his family, under what difficulties may be imagined, living in various parts of the town in turn, and developing more and more that bibliophilic eccentricity of appearance and dress which marked him, even in such a human warren of queer types as the Scottish capital was in those days. There he faced bereavement, and fought bravely the battle of dear life, under conditions which are assuredly unique even in literary history. In 1833, '35, and '37 terrible loss came to the beloved circle, in the latter year with the death of his wife Margaret, who had attended him so devotedly through all these years. It was fortunate indeed that he had so brave a circle of children to deal with; the way in which his young daughters, the eldest not out of her teens, attended their helpless father, deserves indeed detailed record if there were only space for it. In 1840 the eldest, Margaret, consulting with her brother Horace, conceived the idea of taking the cottage at Lasswade, called Mavis Bush, which is now so memorable among celebrated cottages, and at Lasswade was henceforward the central abode of the eccentric little bookworm, whose habits became more and more unaccountable and whimsical as the years increased upon him.

To realise De Quincey as he appeared in Edinburgh during his later years, we have only to turn to the numerous accounts afforded by those members of his own craft who had the good fortune to encounter him in that city. One of these accounts, from the pen of the late Hill Burton, may be given as an especially vivid presentment of the Opium-Eater; it refers to his appearance at a dinner party given principally in his honour. "The festivities," writes Hill Burton, "are far on when a commotion is heard in the hall, as if some dog or other stray animal had forced his way in. The instinct of a friendly guest tells him of the arrival: he opens the door and fetches in the little stranger. What can it be? A street boy of some sort! His costume, in fact, is a boy's duffle greatcoat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-coloured belcher handkerchief; on his feet are list shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter-night; and the trousers!—some one suggests that they are mere linen garments blackened with writing-ink. . . . What can be the theory of such a costume? The simplest thing in the world,—it consisted of the fragments of apparel nearest at hand." Lest it should be wondered why the tender watchfulness of the home circle at Lasswade had not rendered such a state of things impossible, it ought to be explained that the old vagrant impulses were still strong in De Quincey, and those other exigencies of his work frequently impelled him to absences from the Lasswade cottage, when he resorted to the old plan of lodgings, sinking gradually into a state of utter *déshabillé*, and sacrificing everything except the night rambles, which seem to have served as a sort of seed-time of ideas, to the grand absorption of the literary afflatus. But after all vagaries, there was the affectionate greeting and the home comfort that the girls had always to offer at Mavis Bush, which formed a fixed centre amid the many vicissitudes of this period. By degrees the family circle was dispersed, the two eldest daughters marrying, and the two surviving sons going out into life: one to military service in India, the other as a doctor to Brazil; and except for occasional return visits, the household had for some time been reduced to one daughter, the youngest, before the indomitable little soldier of letters laid down his weapons at last. De Quincey died on the 8th of December 1859, from sheer weakness of old age,—dying, however, not at Lasswade, but at lodgings in Lothian Street, Edinburgh, in the presence of two of his daughters, one of whom had been hastily summoned from Ireland.

In thinking on the physical and mental struggle continued so astonishingly, with that frail little body, into old age it is necessary to lay emphasis on the painful peculiarities of such a constitution, with the superadded pains and penalties of opium; for the reader is apt to overlook the really unparalleled frailty of De Quincey's physical conditions. Happily towards the latter part of his life he had been able to effect a compromise, so to speak, with his familiar spirit, the "mighty and subtle;" and his last years, except for the natural increase of weakness, were perhaps less painful than those of any other period of his life. He was fortunate towards the last, too, in having fallen into the hands of more considerate people in the Edinburgh lodgings, which formed his intermittent Bohemian retreat. His eccentric habits, incompetence in money matters, physical helplessness, and general susceptibilities, had rendered him at all times an easy prey to the impositions of landladies; he is known to have had four different sets of lodgings at one time occupied with the extraordinary litter of books and papers that he always accumulated in his working quarters, and it may be imagined in what state of confusion and trepidation he constantly lived. This accumulation usually went on until there was hardly moving or breathing space in the room thus occupied, until indeed he was, as it has been expressed, "snowed up." At No. 42 Lothian Street, however, his favourite and last quarters in Edinburgh, he was in friendly and considerate keeping, and it is pleasant to know that his declining years were, partly for this reason, and partly for other reasons already hinted at, more happily conditioned than those which had gone before.

The literary result of this later period was quite as remarkable, allowing for the greater originality of the first appearance in the *Confessions*, as that of any other period in his life, and it is especially notable in that De Quincey's connection with one publisher, Mr. James Hogg, had led in 1853 to the first volume of a collected edition of his works, revised and edited by himself. This edition, since rearranged and completed, on becoming the property of Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, remains now as the finished monument of De Quincey's life, to which all students who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with his literary productions must repair. Considering De Quincey's work as a whole, it must be borne in mind that it is eminently that of a magazine contributor, with the special defects and qualities that characterise writings produced under the conditions of periodical publication.

As a great master in that "other harmony of prose," to quote Dryden's fine phrase, De Quincey cannot fail to be considered by all who read the *Confessions* or the marvellous fragment *Our Ladies of Sorrow.* It is undeniable that much of his work has, not unnaturally, lost all attractiveness for latter-day readers—that there are indeed large portions of it which have not even the most ordinary charm of style to recommend them—mere hack-work indifferently written. At its poorest, however, there is always an intellectual basis: De Quincey might at times write without style, even in bad style, but he never spun verbal webs out of nothing. Working with his heart in his labour, with his poetic imagination fired, he became a master-architect of words—a power playing in unrivalled fashion with the subtleties and splendours of our language. In sombre imagination, in what may be called passionate pathos, he is supreme among masters of English prose. At times, indeed, his art is too conspicuous—with a corresponding lessening of effect upon the reader; but even in the most artificial of those marvellous visionary passages, dream-fugues as he called them, what magnificence of speech there is, what overwhelming music! Is there in the prose literature of imagination a more thrilling passage than that last "Dream," cited in *The Pains of Opium*, that dream opening with its "music of preparation and of awakening suspense," and ending with "darkness and lights; tempest and human faces, clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells!" De Quincey's highest reach, however, is not in the *Confessions*, but in *Suspiria de Profundis*, in the most important of the sections, *Levana: And Our Ladies of Sorrow.* This magnificent fragment—if that can be called a fragment which though brief is so complete, which in conception is so epically grand—would alone suffice to prove the justness of the claim for De Quincey's being one of the greatest masters of English prose. The best word that has been said upon *Our Ladies of Sorrow* has been uttered by Professor Masson, with whose eloquent summary of *Levana* this introduction may fittingly close. "[It] is prose-poetry; but it is more. It is a permanent addition to the mythology of the human race. As the Graces are three, as the Fates are three, as the Furies are three, as the Muses were originally three, so many the varieties and degrees of misery that there are in the world, and the proportions of their distribution among mankind, be represented to the human imagination for ever by De Quincey's Three Ladies of Sorrow, and his sketch of their figures and kingdoms."

The Editor of this volume begs to acknowledge here his indebtedness to the friendly courtesy of Messrs. A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh—the copyright-holders and publishers of the works of De Quincey—in permitting him to use in this edition of the "Confessions" the section of the "Suspiria de Profundis" entitled, "Levana: And Our Ladies of Sorrow."

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period in my life: according to my application of it, I trust that it will prove, not merely an interesting record, but, in a considerable degree, useful and instructive. In *that* hope it is that I have drawn it up: and *that* must be my apology for breaking through that delicate and honourable reserve, which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities. Nothing, indeed, is more revolting to English feelings, than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers or scars, and tearing away that "decent drapery," which time, or indulgence to human frailty, may have drawn over them: accordingly, the greater part of *our* confessions (that is, spontaneous and extra-judicial confessions) proceed from demireps, adventurers, or swindlers: and for any such acts of gratuitous self-humiliation from those who can be supposed in sympathy with the decent and self-respecting part of society, we must look to French literature, or to that part of the German which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French. All this I feel so forcibly, and so nervously am I alive to reproach of this tendency, that I have for many months hesitated about the propriety of allowing this, or any part of my narrative, to come before the public eye, until after my death (when, for many reasons, the whole will be published): and it is not without an anxious review of the reasons, for and against this step, that I have, at last, concluded on taking it.

Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude: and, even in their choice of a grave, will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the churchyard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man, and wishing (in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth)

> "——Humbly to express
> A penitential loneliness."

It is well, upon the whole, and for the interest of us all, that it should be so: nor would I willingly, in my own person, manifest a disregard of such salutary feelings; nor in act or word do anything to weaken them, but on the one hand, as my self-accusation does not amount to a confession of guilt, so, on the other, it is possible that, if it *did*, the benefit resulting to others, from the record of an experience purchased at so heavy a price, might compensate, by a vast overbalance, for any violence done to the feelings I have noticed, and justify a breach of the general rule. Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach, or recede from, the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence: in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last. For my own part, without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm, that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher: from my birth I was made an intellectual creature: and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my school-boy days. If opium-eating be a sensual pleasure, and if I am bound to confess that I have indulged in it to an excess not yet *recorded** of any other man, it is no less true, that I have struggled against this fascinating enthralment with a religious zeal, and have, at length, accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—have untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which fettered me. Such a self-conquest may reasonably be set off in counterbalance to any kind or degree of self-indulgence. Not to insist that, in my case, the self-conquest was unquestionable, the self-indulgence open to doubts of casuistry, according as that name shall be extended to acts aiming at the bare relief of pain, or shall be restricted to such as aim at the excitement of positive pleasure.

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* "Not yet *recorded*," I say: for there is one celebrated man of the present day, who, if all be true which is reported of him, has greatly exceeded me in quantity.

Guilt, therefore, I do not acknowledge; and, if I did, it is possible that I might still resolve on the present act of confession, in consideration of the service which I may thereby render to the whole class of opium-eaters. But who are they? Reader, I am sorry to say, a very numerous class indeed. Of this I became convinced some years ago, by computing, at that time, the number of those in one small class of English society (the class of men distinguished for talents, or of eminent station), who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium-eaters; such for instance as the eloquent and benevolent ——, the late dean of ——; Lord ——; Mr. ——, the philosopher; a late under-secretary of state (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to the use of opium, in the very same words as the dean of ——, viz., "that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach"); Mr. ——; and many others hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention. Now, if one class, comparatively so limited, could furnish so many scores of cases (and *that* within the knowledge of one single inquirer), it was a natural inference, that the entire population of England would furnish a proportionable number. The soundness of this inference, however, I doubted, until some facts became known to me, which satisfied me that it was not incorrect. I will mention two: 1. Three respectable London druggists, in widely-remote quarters of London, from whom I happened lately to be purchasing small quantities of opium, assured me that the number of *amateur* opium-eaters (as I may term them) was, at this time, immense; and that the difficulty of distinguishing these persons, to whom habit had rendered opium necessary, from such as were purchasing it with a view to suicide, occasioned them daily trouble and disputes. This evidence respected London only. But, 2. (which will possibly surprise the reader more) some years ago, on passing through Manchester, I was informed by several cotton-manufacturers, that their work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which at that time would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits: and, wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease: but as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted,

> "That those eat now, who never ate before;
> And those who always ate, now eat the more."

Indeed the fascinating powers of opium are admitted, even by medical writers, who are its greatest enemies: thus, for instance, Awsiter, apothecary to Greenwich Hospital, in his "Essay on the Effects of Opium" (published in the year 1763, when attempting to explain, why Mead had not been sufficiently explicit on the properties, counteragents, etc., of this drug, expresses himself in the following mysterious terms (φωνανλα συνετοισι): "Perhaps he thought the subject of too delicate a nature to be made common; and as many people might then indiscriminately use it, it would take from that necessary fear and caution, which should prevent their experiencing the extensive power of this drug: *for there are many properties in it, if universally known, that would habituate the use, and make it more in request with us than the Turks themselves:* the result of which knowledge," he adds, "must prove a general misfortune." In the necessity of this conclusion I do not concur: but upon that point I shall have occasion to speak at the close of my confessions, where I shall present the reader with the *moral* of my narrative.

CONFESSIONS

OF AN

ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

PRELIMINARY CONFESSIONS.

THESE preliminary confessions, or introductory narrative of the youthful adventures which laid the foundation of the writer's habit of opium-eating in after life, it has been judged proper to premise, for three several reasons:

1. As forestalling that question, and giving it a satisfactory answer, which else would painfully obtrude itself in the course of the Opium Confessions—"How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery; voluntarily to incur a captivity so servile, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a seven-fold chain?"—a question which, if not somewhere plausibly resolved, could hardly fail, by the indignation which it would be apt to raise as against an act of wanton folly, to interfere with that degree of sympathy which is necessary in any case to an author's purposes.

2. As furnishing a key to some parts of that tremendous scenery which afterwards peopled the dreams of the Opium-eater.

3. As creating some previous interest of a personal sort in the confessing subject, apart from the matter of the confessions, which cannot fail to render the confessions themselves more interesting. If a man "whose talk is of oxen," should become an Opium-eater, the probability is, that (if he is not too dull to dream at all)—he will dream about oxen: whereas, in the case before him, the reader will find that the Opium-eater boasteth himself to be a philosopher; and accordingly, that the phantasmagoria of *his* dreams (waking or sleeping, day-dreams or night-dreams) is suitable to one who in that character,

> Humani nihil a se alienum putat.

For amongst the conditions which he deems indispensable to the sustaining of any claim to the title of philosopher is not merely the possession of a superb intellect in its *analytic* functions (in which part of the pretensions, however, England can for some generations show but few claimants; at least, he is not aware of any known candidate for this honour who can be styled emphatically a *subtle thinker*, with the exception of *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, and in a narrower department of thought, with the recent illustrious exception* of *David Ricardo*) but also on such a constitution of the *moral* faculties, as shall give him an inner eye and power of intuition for the vision and the mysteries of our human nature: *that* constitution of faculties, in short, which (amongst all the generations of men that from the beginning of time have deployed into life, as it were, upon this planet) our English poets have possessed in the highest degree—and Scottish* Professors in the lowest.

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* A third exception might perhaps have been added; and my reason for not adding that exception is chiefly because it was only in his juvenile efforts that the writer whom I allude to expressly addressed himself to philosophical themes; his riper powers having been all dedicated (on very excusable and very intelligible grounds, under the present direction of the popular mind in England) to criticism and the

I have often been asked how I first came to be a regular opium-eater; and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is, that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me: but, so long as I took it with this view, I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences, by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age, a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in

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Fine Arts. This reason apart, however, I doubt whether he is not rather to be considered an acute thinker than a subtle one. It is, besides, a great drawback on his mastery over philosophical subjects, that he has obviously not had the advantage of a regular scholastic education: he has not read Plato in his youth (which most likely was only his misfortune); but neither has he read Kant in his manhood (which is his fault).

* I disdain any allusion to *existing* professors, of whom indeed I know only one.

great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered; for the three following years it had revived at intervals; and now, under unfavourable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings, which first produced this derangement of the stomach, were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore;* for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention, for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, etc., gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, etc. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you and I could address an English one." He who honoured me with this eulogy was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one;" and of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or reverenced. Unfortunate for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation) I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by —— College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master; and beside, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only, for the two boys who jointly with myself composed the first form were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our "Archididascalus" (as he loved to be called) conning our lessons before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependant for their future prospects at the university on the recommendation of the head-master; but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance; two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian; unconditional submission was what he demanded; and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birthday was fast approaching; after which day I had sworn within myself that I would no longer be numbered amongst school-boys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction, requesting that she would "lend" me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging; the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen; she enclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now then, I was prepared for my scheme; ten guineas, added to about two which I had remaining from my pocket money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time; and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one), that we never do anything consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply when I came to leave ——, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left —— for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and, passing the head-master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, "He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again." I was right; I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled good-naturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually; but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgencies; and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. I lodged in the head-master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping-room and as a study. At half-after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of ——, "drest in earliest light," and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose; but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight; and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a-half this room had been my "pensive citadel;" here I had read and studied through all the hours of night; and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly, that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago; and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly, as if it were yesterday, the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze; it was a picture of the lovely ——, which hung over the mantlepiece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of —— clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and gently walked out, and closed the door for ever!

. . . .

So blended and intertwisted in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's; my room was at an aërial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the stair-case, which communicated with this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head-master's chamber door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do anything I wished; and when the time arrived, went upstairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man; however, the groom was a man

> "Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies;"

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury Plain. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps; but unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden, falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the archididascalus. My first thought was that all was lost, and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine; but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contretemps*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it; subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. —— would sally out of his room; for in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from the kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bed-room. Dr. —— had a painful complaint, which, sometimes keeping him awake, made his sleep, perhaps, when it *did* come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheel-barrow, and on its road to the carrier's; then, "with Providence my guide," I set off on foot—carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket, and a small 12mo volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

It had been my intention originally to proceed to Westmoreland, both from the love I bore to that country, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Caernarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B——. Here I might have stayed with great comfort for many weeks; for provisions were cheap at B——, from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus produce of a wide agricultural district. An accident, however, in which, perhaps, no offence was designed, drove me out to wander again. I know not whether my reader may have remarked, but *I* have often remarked, that the proudest class of people in England (or at any rate, the class whose pride is most apparent) are the families of bishops. Noblemen, and their children, carry about with them, in their very titles, a sufficient notification of their rank. Nay, their very names (and this applies also to the children of many untitled houses) are often, to the English ear, adequate exponents of high birth or descent. Sackville, Manners, Fitzroy, Paulet, Cavendish, and scores of others, tell their own tale. Such persons, therefore, find everywhere a due sense of their claims already established, except among those who are ignorant of the world, by virtue of their own obscurity: "Not to know *them*, argues one's self unknown." Their manners take a suitable tone and colouring; and for once they find it necessary to impress a sense of their consequence upon others, they meet with a thousand occasions for moderating and tempering this sense by acts of courteous condescension. With the families of bishops it is otherwise: with them it is all up-hill work to make known their pretensions; for the proportion of the episcopal bench, taken from noble families, is not at any time very large; and the succession of these dignities is so rapid, that the public ear seldom has time to become familiar with them, unless where they are connected with some literary reputation. Hence it is, that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged, a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man, from all contact with the οἱ πόλλοι. Doubtless, a powerful understanding, or unusual goodness of nature, will preserve a man from such weakness; but, in general, the truth of my representation will be acknowledged; pride, if not of deeper root in such families, appears, at least, more upon the surface of their manners. This spirit of manners naturally communicates itself to their domestics and other dependants. Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the Bishop of ——; and had but lately married away and "settled" (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B——, merely to have lived in the bishop's family conferred some distinction; and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What "my lord" said, and what "my lord" did, how useful he was in parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford, formed the daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well; for I was too good-natured to laugh in anybody's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance; and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or possibly by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned.

She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family; and, dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention that she had let her apartments. Thereupon the good bishop (it seemed) had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates; "for," said he, "you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into England—and of English swindlers running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route." This advice certainly was not without reasonable grounds; but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse:—"Oh, my lord," answered my landlady (according to her own representation of the matter), "I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler; because——" "You don't *think* me a swindler?" said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation; "for the future I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it." And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make; but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused *her* indignation in turn; and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen; and I thought of letting him know my mind in Greek; which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a far better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind; for I considered that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me; and that the same coarseness of mind which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all, might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking, than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

I left the lodgings the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me, because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a-day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal which I could venture to order was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn; and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, etc., or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool or in London; more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality; and once in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English, an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high-road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man-of-war; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings; and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women; but in all other points they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine—

as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth; and, from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have stayed with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sat at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return; "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*" (*no English*), in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me, with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics; and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity when connected with the harsh demeanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age; unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long-sufferings—without using a disproportionate expression, I might say of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings by a detail of all that I endured; for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten, and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came; and great joy the poor creature expressed when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious stair-case and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever; but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow, but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak; afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not; for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in day-time, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching; for, beside the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep;* so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, awakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me at different periods of my life—viz., a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs; improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone; indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matêriel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sate* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of a co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast I generally contrived a reason for lounging in, and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, etc.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. ——, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —— make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, etc.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchen, etc., to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks, or elsewhere, until nightfall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste): in many walks of life a conscience is a more expensive encumbrance than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend Mr. —— had "laid down" his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle; orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience in my own person of any qualities in Mr. ——'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget everything but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sat rent-free; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us," and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, 15th August 1821—being my birthday—I turned aside from my evening walk down Oxford Street, purposely to take a glance at it; it is now occupied by a respectable family, and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast, in my eyes, to the darkness, cold, silence, and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar and a neglected child—her, by-the-by, in after years I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel accessories to conciliate my affections: plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me, and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret; but another person there was at that time whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown; for, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb, "*Sine Cerere*," etc., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratio*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way—a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher; for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble-minded Ann——, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers; and it cannot be denied that the outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed; and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate; friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would, but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time; for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done, for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square; thither we went, and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse; I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reäscent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time —be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.——Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep; for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears;" not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings;—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillising belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts I am cheerful to this hour; and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others; and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her), I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met, in Albemarle Street, a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family, and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise; I answered his questions ingenuously—and, on his pledging his word of honour that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the attorney's. The next day I received from him a ten-pound bank-note. The letter enclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the attorney; but, though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honourably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) *soliciting* from the first day of my arrival in London to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury; and it will strike them that two resources at least must have been open to me—viz., either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost, that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted—a restoration which, as it would in my eyes have been a dishonour, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my own wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it—at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clue of recovering me. But, as to London in particular, though, doubtless, my father had in his life-time had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name; and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek proofs (if in no other way), I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher, and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass; and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D——.*

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctors' Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —— was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated; but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested—was *I* that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one; I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinised me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person, and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it,

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* To this same Jew, by-the-way, some eighteen months afterwards, I applied again on the same business; and, dating at that time from a respectable college, I was fortunate enough to gain his serious attention to my proposals. My necessities had not arisen from any

extravagance or youthful levities (these my habits and the nature of my pleasures raised me far above), but simply from the vindictive malice of my guardian, who, when he found himself no longer able to prevent me from going to the university, had, as a parting token of his good nature, refused to sign an order for granting me a shilling beyond the allowance made to me at school—viz., £100 per annum. Upon this sum it was, in my time, barely possible to have lived in college, and not possible to a man who, though above the paltry affectation of ostentatious disregard for money, and without any expensive tastes, confided nevertheless rather too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of minute economy. I soon, therefore, became embarrassed; and at length, after a most voluminous negotiation with the Jew (some parts of which, if I had leisure to rehearse them, would greatly amuse my readers), I was put in possession of the sum I asked for, on the "regular" terms of paying the Jew seventeen and a-half per cent. by way of annuity on all the money furnished; Israel, on his part, graciously resuming no more than about ninety guineas of the said money, on account of an attorney's bill (for what services, to whom rendered, and when, whether at the siege of Jerusalem—at the building of the Second Temple—or on some earlier occasion, I have not yet been able to discover). How many perches this bill measured I really forget; but I still keep it in a cabinet of natural curiosities, and sometime or other I believe I shall present it to the British Museum.

for I doated on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends; these I produced, for I carried them constantly in my pocket—being, indeed, by this time almost the only relics of my personal encumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of ——, who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of ——, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet, having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be, still retained an affection for classical studies, and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of M—— and Sl—— since I had been there; sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet; and at other times suggesting subjects to me on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish me with two or three hundred pounds on my personal security—provided I could persuade the young earl, who was, by-the-way, not older than myself, to guarantee the payment on our coming of age; the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the £10, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly £3 of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money-lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made, soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salt-hill on the Bath or Bristol Mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries—Swallow Street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden Square; there, near the corner of Sherrard Street, we sat down; not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before; and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty; for, setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister; and at this moment, with seven-fold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life; yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she would wait for me at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield Street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford Street. This and other measures of precaution I took; one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves—*Miss Douglass*, *Miss Montague*, etc., but simply by their Christian names, *Mary*, *Jane*, *Frances*, etc. Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired; but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview; and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester

Coffee-house; and, the Bristol Mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion* of this Mail soon laid me asleep; it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a Mail-coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of *manners* is drawn over the features and expression of men's *natures*, that to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side: and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances, most people would; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint; and, therefore, I apologised to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future; and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering; and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. This man's manner changed upon hearing this explanation, in an instant; and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off; and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms; and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather farther than I intended; for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time, after leaving Hounslow, that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the Mail (possibly at a Post-office), and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead—six or seven miles, I think, a-head of Salt-hill. Here I alighted, and for the half-minute that the Mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who from the transient glimpse I had had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler—or person of that rank) to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so; and in fact, I immediately set forward, or rather backward, on foot. It must then have been nearly midnight; but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and the sleep had both refreshed me; but I was weary nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation at that moment under my poverty. There had been some time before a murder committed on or near Hounslow Heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood. Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the Heath: and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accused murderer, if he were that night abroad, might at every instant be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness; in which case, said I—supposing I, instead of being (as indeed I am) little better than an outcast—

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* The Bristol Mail is the best appointed in the kingdom—owing to the double advantages of an unusually good road, and of an extra sum for expenses subscribed by the Bristol merchants.

> Lord of my learning and no land beside,

were, like my friend, Lord ——, heir by general repute to £70,000 per annum, what a panic should I be under at this moment about my throat!—indeed, it was not likely that Lord —— should ever be in my situation. But, nevertheless, the spirit of the remark remains true—that vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying; and I am convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if at the very instant of going into action* news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in

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* It will be objected that many men, of the highest rank and wealth, have in our own day, as well as throughout our history, been amongst the foremost in courting danger in battle. True; but this is not the case supposed; long familiarity with power has to them deadened its effect and its attractions.

England of £50,000 a-year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened, and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionably difficult. So true it is, in the language of a wise man whose own experience had made him acquainted with both fortunes, that riches are better fitted—

> To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
> Than tempt her to do ought may merit praise.
> —*Paradise Regained.*

I dally with my subject because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain, for I now hasten to its close. In the road between Slough and Eton I fell asleep, and just as the morning began to dawn I was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was; he was an ill-looking fellow—but not therefore of necessity an ill-meaning fellow, or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing; in which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark he passed on; and I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering, but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost, and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved, washed myself, and, as far as possible, adjusted my dress at a little public-house in Windsor, and about eight o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries. An Etonian is always a gentleman, and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend Lord —— was gone to the University of ——. "Ibi omnis effusus labor!" I had, however, other friends at Eton; but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D——, to whom (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Here let me stop for a moment to check my reader from any erroneous conclusions; because I have had occasion incidentally to speak of various patrician friends, it must not be supposed that I have myself any pretension to rank and high blood. I thank God that I have not. I am the son of a plain English merchant, esteemed during his life for his great integrity, and strongly attached to literary pursuits (indeed, he was himself, anonymously, an author). If he had lived, it was expected that he would have been very rich, but, dying prematurely, he left no more than about £30,000 amongst seven different claimants. My mother, I may mention with honour, was still more highly gifted. For, though unpretending to the name and honours of a *literary* woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman; and I believe that if ever her letters should be collected and published, they would be thought generally to exhibit as much strong and masculine sense, delivered in as pure "mother English," racy and fresh with idiomatic graces, as any in our language, hardly excepting those of Lady M. W. Montague. These are my honours of descent; I have no others, and I have thanked God sincerely that I have not, because, in my judgment, a station which raises a man too eminently above the level of his fellow-creatures is not the most favourable to moral or to intellectual qualities.

Lord D—— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent—from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sate down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarce eat anything. On the day when I first received my ten-pound bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls; this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway, and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm, my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks; or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately, and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D——'s table, I found myself not at all better than usual; and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately, at all times a craving for wine; I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D——, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine—which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady; for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; and by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends; I persuaded myself then that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D——, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D——, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connexions. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of ——, would avail with my un-Christian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal; for after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D—— was at this time not eighteen years of age; but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story. The Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made—time passed on—the small fragment of my bank-note had just melted away; and before any conclusion could have been put to the business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London in haste, for a remote part of England; after some time I proceeded to the university, and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to revisit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Ann? For her I have reserved my concluding words. According to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield Street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill-treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Ann by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to —— in ——shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction. If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps, even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetorical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer; but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

. . . .

So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee: the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps—inheritors of our calamities: other orphans than Ann have sighed: tears have been shed by other children: and thou, Oxford Street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair-weather; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow: and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathising affection—how deep and tender!

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires, that oftentimes on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford Street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Marylebone to the fields and the woods; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the North, and therefore to ——, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished, in my blindness; yet, even in that very northern region it was, even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second-birth of my sufferings began; and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was, that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes: and in this unhappier than he, that sleep, which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially, as a blessed * balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports: my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains: but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sate my Electra: for thou, beloved M——, dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtest not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile[*] ministrations of tenderest affection;—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dews upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me "sleep no more!"—not even then, didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king[†] of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face[‡] in her robe.

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* *Φιλον ὑπνε θελγητρον ἐπικουρον νοσου,*

But these troubles are past: and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime, I am again in London: and again I pace the terraces of Oxford Street by night: and oftentimes, when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northwards from Oxford Street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish;—and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning:—and, if I could allow myself to descend again to the important wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove—" and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation—"And *that* way I would fly for comfort."

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[*] *ἡ̂δυ δουλευμα. Eurip Orest.*

[†] *ἀναξἀνδρων 'Αγαμεμνων.*

[‡] *ὀμμα θεισ' ἐισω ὠ̂επλων.* The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the Orestes; one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader, it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play, haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

IT is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a-day: being suddenly seized with toothache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed; plunged my head into a basin of cold water; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of Ambrosia, but no further: how unmeaning a sound was it at that time: what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street; and near "the *stately* Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it), I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist—unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!—as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one) he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford Street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have evanesced,* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—and in an hour, oh! Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes:—this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—*αφαρμακον νήπενθες* for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro:* even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso.* Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery; and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a theme like opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy, as it is falsely reputed.

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* *Evanesced*:—this way of going off the stage of life appears to have been well-known in the seventeenth century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood-royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For about the year 1686, a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by-the-by, did ample justice to his name)—viz., Mr. *Flat-man*, in speaking of the death of Charles II., expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying; because, says he,

> Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear*.

They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right), or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra,*—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a-week—viz., on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for——the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East Indian opium has been three guineas a pound, and Turkey eight: and thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must——do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits—viz., die.* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) *that* might certainly intoxicate if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind*: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours; the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, the chronic pleasure: the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections; but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears, no mortal knows why; and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect; I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half-a-dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—brightened and intensified the consciousness, and gave to the mind a feeling of being "ponderibus librata suis;" and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguised* in liquor; for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in Athenæus), that men ἑαυτοὺς ἐμφανίζουσιν οἵτινες εἰσίν—display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilise and to disperse the intellectual energies; whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal part of his nature; but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

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* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted: for in a pirated edition of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the Doctor was made to say—"Be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty *ounces* of laudanum at once;" the true reading being probably five-and-twenty *drops*, which are held equal to about one grain of crude opium.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium, of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the Alpha and the Omega; but then it is to be recollected that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience; whereas most of the unscientific authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of those who have written expressly on the materia medica, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity; for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely.* I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologised for him, by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now the accusation, said I, is not *prima facie*, and of necessity an absurd one, but the defence *is*. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right. "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and, secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply, said he—solely and simply—solely and simply (repeating it three times over), because I am drunk with opium, and *that* daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agree in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons; but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection; not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice; but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by 7000 drops a-day; and, though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea; and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me the other day that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beafsteak.

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* Amongst the great herd of travellers, etc., who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my readers specially against the brilliant author of *Anastasius*. This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character from the grievous misrepresentation which he gives of its effects, at pp. 215–17 of vol. I. Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself; for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit, that an old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," who eats "ample doses of opium," and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills people prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives; the fact is, he was enamoured of "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" which Anastasius carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by-the-by, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story; for the old gentleman's speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd, but, considered as a hoax on Anastasius, it reads excellently.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error, in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third: which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end; but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system; this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my noviciate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupefy the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than argumentatively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804–1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I gave this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary; but I regard *that* little; I must desire my reader to bear in mind that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time; and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people; these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of —— used to say, "Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I propose to be drunk;" and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No; as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks; this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this: In those days Grassini sang at the Opera, and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the Opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres; the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clamorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear; and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, etc., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the Paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the Barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by-the-by, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature; it is a passage in the *Religio Medici*[*] of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters; I can attach no ideas to them. Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them; all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes; it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, etc., of elaborate harmony displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not, as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon; but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualised, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women; for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians; and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds; for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

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[*] I have not the book at this moment to consult; but I think the passage begins—"And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion," etc.

These were my opera pleasures; but another pleasure I had which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the Opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive; what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader, what you say is unanswerable.

And yet so it was and is, that whereas, different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their reposes from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest of the poor; in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood; almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest; and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent, but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties, and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad; yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into compliance with the master key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances; for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphynx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terræ incognitæ,* and doubted whether they had been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannised over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown, that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L——, at about the same distance, that I have sate, from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, etc., but *that* shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men; and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am. I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L—— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by a dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burthens of the heart; a Sabbath of repose; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath; to the guilty man, for one night gives back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for "wrongs undressed and insults unaveng'd;"

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

COURTEOUS, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all *my* readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I have said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten;—the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exist at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare say, in the same condition with many thousand of excellent books in the Bodleian—viz., diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms: or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-caddies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, etc., have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, etc.), which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, etc., remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer; the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams, whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb anybody; and I, and many others, who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity; it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a-day, and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind; but as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party; its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish, for I am 250 miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing among the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, etc. And how, and in what manner, do I live? In short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period—viz., in 1812—living in a cottage, and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "housekeeper." And, as a scholar, and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen.* Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps—partly, because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune—I am so classed by my neighbours; and by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, etc., *esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour. Yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., esquire, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights; and, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? In short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader; in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth—though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I *ought* to be ill—I never was better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely that the quantity of claret, port, or "particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by the opium I had taken for eight years, between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastasius*: in divinity, for aught I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor, but not in medicine. No; it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan, as I did; for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion; and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least (*i.e.*, in 1812) I am ignorant and unsuspicious of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that hitherto I have been only a dilettante eater of opium; eight years' practice even, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through the bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not; but so it was, that in the latter year I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma. Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering; or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconstruction of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconstruction to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgments). This is the dilemma; the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep and constantly relieved by fresh men; consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I postulate as if I had demonstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No; believe all that I ask of you—viz., that I could resist no longer, believe it liberally, and as an act of grace, or else in mere prudence; for, if not, then in the next edition of my Opium Confessions revised and enlarged, I will make you believe and tremble; and *à force d'ennuyer*, by mere dint of pandiculation I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

This then, let me repeat, I postulate—that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make, might not have been carried much further, and my gradual reconquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically—these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation; but, shall I speak ingenuously? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist; I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others; I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness; and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters I can agree with the gentlemen in the cotton-trade* at Manchester in affecting the Stöic philosophy; but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend more to the infirm condition of an opium-eater; that are "sweet men," as Chaucer says, "to give absolution," and will show some conscience in the penances they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact, from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure in my nervous state than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he, who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six-and-thirty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare; in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands; and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned; and from this date, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions. You understand now, reader, what I am; and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," will have any chance of persuading me to surrender "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug." No; I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that, whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This then being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering—rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

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* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free in passing through Manchester by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch*; whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

If any man, poor or rich, were to say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out—Hear him! hear him! As to the happiest *day*, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name; because any event that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (*i.e.*, eight* thousand drops of laudanum) per day to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*νυχθημερον*) ; passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring-tide—

> That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy ; I now took only 1000 drops of laudanum per day ; and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth ; my brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before ; I read Kant again, and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me ; and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport about forty miles distant.

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* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea-spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about 100 drops ; so that 8000 drops are about eighty times a tea-spoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down; but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learned from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours; for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him with a piece of opium.

To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses; and I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it; he took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used* to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

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* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion; the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London Magistrate (Harriott's *Struggles through Life*, vol. iii. p. 391, Third Edition), has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took *forty* drops, the next night *sixty*, and on the fifth night *eighty*, without any effect whatever; and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it; but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck"* at me, and led me into a world of troubles. But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plough-boy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep into such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 8000 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia), I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if anybody does. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium.*

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* See the common accounts in any Eastern traveller or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three-quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the family resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high; and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house;" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside; candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heav'n and earth they would together mell;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall.
—*Castle of Indolence.*

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them; they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. —— says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs; but something of the sort I must have; and, if I have not, I think myself in a manner ill-used; for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No; a Canadian winter for my money; or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances; no, it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine. From the latter weeks of October to Christmas Eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray; for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual; and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other impious person, who should presume to disparage it. But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained; but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a-half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room; but, being contrived "a double debt to pay," it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books; and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night), place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray; and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post;* for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's. But no, dear M——, not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power; and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his "little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug" lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*, though I would rather see the original; you may paint it if you choose; but I apprise you, that no "little" receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the "stately Pantheon," and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No; you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum; that, and a book of German Metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but, as to myself—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable; but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself, of the Opium-eater's exterior—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me? No; paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy; and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition as it stood about 1816–17; up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man; and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell—a long farewell to happiness—winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep; for more than three years and a-half I am summoned away from these; I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes; for I have now to record

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

> ———as when some great painter dips
> His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
> —SHELLEY'S *Revolt of Islam.*

READER, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in

the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy; as the impressions were such that they can never fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burthen of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling partly I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person, who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I

made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a-day, or by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that way would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be reduced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised: the pulse is improved: the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acmé*, an account of their palsying effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because, reading is an accomplishment of mine;

and, in the slang use of the word *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess: and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: —— reads vilely: and Mrs. ——, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by anything in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Sampson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in Paradise Regained, when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M——'s I now and then read W——'s poems to them. (W——, by-the-by, is the only poet I ever met who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one; and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well know, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, etc., were all become insupportable to me: I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labour of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinosa's—viz., *De emendatione humani intellectûs.* This was now lying blocked up, as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labour dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure,—of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all) sink into utter lethargy; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again re-acts on each part), yet the several parts may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy; and at my desire, M—— sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book: and recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading: and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Was it possible? I supposed thinking* had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first gave a ray of light into the unwieldly chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

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* The reader must remember what I here mean by *thinking;* because, else this would be a very presumptuous expression. England, of late, has been rich to excess in fine thinkers, in the departments of creative and combining thought; but there is a sad dearth of masculine thinkers in any analytic path. A Scotchman of eminent name has lately told us, that he is obliged to quit even mathematics for want of encouragement.

Thus did one single work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known for years:—it roused me even to write, or, at least, to dictate what M—— wrote for me. It seemed to me, that some important truths had escaped even "the inevitable eye" of Mr. Ricardo: and, as these were, for the most part, of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual clumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocket-book; and being so brief, with M—— for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my *Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy.* I hope it will not be found redolent of opium; though, indeed, to most people, the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash; as the sequel showed—for I designed to publish my work: arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained, for some days, on this account. The work was even twice advertised: and I was, in a manner, pledged to the fulfilment of my intention. But I had a preface to write; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded: the compositor dismissed: and my *Prolegomena* rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium. But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing-table. Without the aid of M—— all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished: and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion. I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case: it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realise what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and nightmare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love:—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion:—he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Œdipus or Priam—before Tyre—before Memphis. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon

the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and, in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten

scenes of later years, were often revived; I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true—viz., that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus;* especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king—sultan—regent, etc., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history—viz., the period of the Parliamentary War—having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both those parts of my lighter reading having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sate at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus;* and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls; on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, etc., etc., expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden and abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aërial flight of stairs is beheld: and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours: and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall. With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

> The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
> Was of a mighty city—boldly say
> A wilderness of building, sinking far
> And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
> Far sinking into splendour—without end!
> Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,
> With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
> And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
> Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
> In avenues disposed; there towers begirt
> With battlements that on their restless fronts
> Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
> By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
> Upon the dark materials of the storm
> Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
> And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
> The vapours had receded,—taken there
> Their station under a Cerulean sky. Etc., etc.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred. We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist

Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water:—these haunted me so much, that I feared (though possibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective;* and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. For two months I suffered greatly in my head—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person. Till now I had never felt a headache even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries :—my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

May, 1818.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point ; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep ; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time ; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life ; the great *officina gentium.* Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, in which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by parroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed, crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I woke: it was broad noon; and the children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

June, 1819.

I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and indeed the contemplation of death generally, is *(cœteris paribus)* more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds, by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the Infinite: and thirdly (which is the main reason), the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest to each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and besiegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream; to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet was very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sunrise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to Heaven; and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriential one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited: but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to a crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, "unwound almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure, by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater—or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale, and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain: if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him, and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one. I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within the year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly; and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains to 150 a-day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and as fast as I could to twelve grains.

I triumphed: but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by a most innocent sufferer* (of the times of James I.). Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence—viz., ammoniated tincture of Valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give: and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced: and that *he* may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that with a stronger constitution than mine he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true: I would not presume to measure the efforts of other men by my own: I heartily wish him more energy: I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want: and these supplied me with conscientious supports which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

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* William Lithgow: his book (Travels, etc.) is ill and pedantically written: but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die: I think it probable: and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration: and I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains: my dreams are not yet perfectly calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided: the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed: my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

> With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

OFTENTIMES at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have much leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness,—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana, and hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now the word *edŭco*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word edūco, with the penultimate long. Whatever *educes*, or developes, *educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant,—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but by that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children,—resting not night or day, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief. But you, reader! think,—that children are not liable to such grief as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*,—the sense of Euclid, where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and in a foolish sense of this word, where it means *usually*. Now, I am far from saying that children universally are capable of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen, consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than have ever been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake a man's heart: therefore it is that she dotes on grief. "These ladies," said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, "these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty: the *Parcœ* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom, always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retribution called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now;* but in Oxford I said, "One of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams) the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them? If I say simply, "The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term; it might be understood of individual sorrow,—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow.* I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then? O, no! mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves there is no voice nor sound; eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not, as they talked with Levana; *they* whispered not; *they* sang not; though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung, for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven, by changes on earth, by pulses in secret rivers, heraldries painted on darkness, and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols; *mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence: if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline, or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum,* Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation,—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the eldest, it is that carries keys more than papal at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sat all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the spring-time of the year, and whilst yet her own Spring was budding, he recalled her to himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* has also been sitting all this winter of 1844–5 within the bed-chamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of the keys it is that Our

Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna!"

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*—Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys; and of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsman, whom God will judge; every captive in every dungeon; all that are betrayed and all that are rejected outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace,—all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest walks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest——! Hush, whisper whilst we talk of *her!* Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not; and her eyes rising so high *might* be hidden by distance; but, being what they are, they cannot be hidden; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery, that rests not for matins or for vespers, for noon of day or noon of night, for ebbing or for flowing tide, may be read from the very ground. She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions; in whom the heart trembles, and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with tiger's leaps. She carries no key; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses, these were the *Eumenides*, or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation), of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she said to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this:—

"Lo! here is he, whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him; lovely was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolator, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful sister. And thou,"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said,—" wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relenting of love, scorch the fountain of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace, so shall he see the things that ought not to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies, and so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had,—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

UNWINDING THE ACCURSED CHAIN.

THOSE who have read the Confessions will have closed them with the impression that I had wholly renounced the use of Opium. This impression I meant to convey, and that for two reasons: first, because the very act of deliberately recording such a state of suffering necessarily presumes in the recorder a power of surveying his own case as a cool spectator, and a degree of spirits for adequately describing it, which it would be inconsistent to suppose in any person speaking from the station of an actual sufferer; secondly, because I, who had descended from so large a quantity as 8000 drops to so small a one (comparatively speaking) as a quantity ranging between 300 and 160 drops, might well suppose that the victory was in effect achieved. In suffering my readers, therefore, to think of me as a reformed Opium-eater, I left no impression but what I shared myself; and, as may be seen, even this impression was left to be collected from the general tone of the conclusion, and not from any specific words—which are in no instance at variance with the literal truth. In no long time after that paper was written, I became sensible that the effort which remained would cost me far more energy than I had anticipated; and the necessity for making it was more apparent every month. In particular I became aware of an increasing callousness or defect of sensibility in the stomach; and this I imagined might imply a schirrous state of that organ either formed or forming. An eminent physician, to whose kindness I was at that time deeply indebted, informed me that such a termination of my case was not impossible, though likely to be forestalled by a different termination, in the event of my continuing the use of opium. Opium, therefore, I resolved wholly to abjure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not, however, until the 24th of June last that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but would "stand up to the scratch"—under any possible "punishment." I must premise that about 170 or 180 drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months; occasionally I had run up as high as 500, and once nearly to 700; in repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as 100 drops; but had found it impossible to stand it beyond the fourth day—which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceding three. I went off under easy sail—130 drops a-day for three days; on the fourth I plunged at once to 80. The misery which I now suffered "took the conceit" out of me at once; and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark; then I sunk to 60, and the next day to——none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for ninety hours—*i.e.*, upwards of half a-week. Then I took——ask me not how much; say, ye severest, what would ye have done? Then I abstained again; then took about 25 drops: then abstained: and so on.

Meantime the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these: enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system; the stomach in particular restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility; but often in great pain; unceasing restlessness night and day; sleep——I scarcely knew what it was; three hours out of the twenty-four was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me. Lower jaw constantly swelling; mouth ulcerated, and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat; amongst which, however, I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium—viz., violent sternutation. This now became exceedingly troublesome, sometimes lasting for two hours at once, and recurring at least twice or three times a-day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach; whence, I believe, are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable also that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is) nor even the slightest cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to —— I find these words:—"You ask me to write the

————. Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher's play of Thierry and Theodore? There you will see my case as to sleep; nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features. I protest to you that I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had been frozen up for a decade of years by opium, had now, according to the old fable, been thawed at once—such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability that, for one which I detain and write down, fifty escape me; in spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for two minutes together. 'I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.'"

At this stage of my experiment I sent to a neighbouring surgeon, requesting that he would come over to see me. In the evening he came; and after briefly stating the case to him, I asked this question:—Whether he did not think that the opium might have acted as a stimulus to the digestive organs; and that the present state of suffering in the stomach, which manifestly was the cause of the inability to sleep, might arise from indigestion? His answer was—No; on the contrary he thought that the suffering was caused by digestion itself, which should naturally go on below the consciousness, but which from the unnatural state of the stomach, vitiated by so long a use of opium, was become distinctly preceptible. This opinion was plausible; and the unintermitting nature of the suffering disposes me to think that it was true; for, if it had been any mere *irregular* affection of the stomach, it should naturally have intermitted occasionally, and constantly fluctuated as to degree. The intention of nature, as manifested in the healthy state, obviously is, to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions, such as the circulation of the blood, the expansion and contraction of the lungs, the peristaltic action of the stomach, etc.; and opium, it seems, is able in this, as in other instances, to counteract her purposes. By the advice of the surgeon I tried *bitters.* For a short time these greatly mitigated the feelings under which I laboured; but about the forty-second day of the experiment the symptoms already noticed began to retire, and new ones to arise of a different and far more tormenting class; under these, but with a few intervals of remission, I have since continued to suffer. But I dismiss them undescribed for two reasons: first, because the mind revolts from retracing circumstantially any sufferings from which it is removed by too short or by no interval. To do this with minuteness enough to make the review of any use, would be, indeed, *infandum renovare dolorem*, and possibly without a sufficient motive: for secondly, I doubt whether this latter state be any way referable to opium—positively considered, or even negatively: that is, whether it is to be numbered amongst the last evils from the direct action of opium, or even amongst the earliest evils consequent upon *want* of opium in a system long deranged by its use. Certainly one part of the symptoms might be accounted for from the time of year (August); for, though the summer was not a hot one, yet in any case the sum of all the heat *funded* (if one may say so) during the previous months, added to the existing heat of that month, naturally renders August in its better half the hottest part of the year; and it so happened that the excessive perspiration, which even at Christmas attends any great reduction in the daily quantum of opium—and which in July was so violent as to oblige me to use a bath five or six times a-day, had about the setting in of the hottest season wholly retired, on which account any bad effect of the heat might be the more unmitigated. Another symptom—viz., what in my ignorance I call internal rheumatism (sometimes affecting the shoulders, etc., but more often appearing to be seated in the stomach), seemed again less probably attributable to the opium or the want of opium than to the dampness of the house* which I inhabit, which had about that time attained its maximum, July having been, as usual, a month of incessant rain in our most rainy part of England.

Under these reasons for doubting whether opium had any connection with the latter stage of my bodily wretchedness—(except, indeed, as an occasional cause, as having left the body weaker and more crazy, and thus predisposed to any mal-influence whatever)—I willingly spare my reader all description of it; let it perish to him; and would that I could as easily say, let it perish to my own remembrances, that any future hours of tranquillity may not be disturbed by too vivid an ideal of possible human misery!

So much for the sequel of my experiment; as to the former stage, in which properly lies the experiment and its application to other cases, I must request my reader not to forget the reasons for which I have recorded it. These were two: first, a belief that I might add some trifle to the history of opium as a medical agent. In this I am aware

* In saying this, I mean no disrespect to the individual house, as the reader will understand when I tell him, that, with the exception of one or two princely mansions, and some few inferior ones that have been coated with Roman cement, I am not acquainted with any house in this mountainous district which is wholly waterproof. The architecture of books, I flatter myself, is conducted on just principles in this country; but for any other architecture, it is in a barbarous state: and, what is worse, in a retrograde state.

that I have not at all fulfilled my own intentions, in consequence of the torpor of mind, pain of body, and extreme disgust to the subject which besieged me whilst writing that part of my paper; which part being immediately sent off to the press (distant about five degrees of latitude), cannot be corrected or improved. But from this account, rambling as it may be, it is evident that this much of benefit may arise to the persons most interested in such a history of opium—viz., to Opium-eaters in general, that it establishes, for their consolation and encouragement, the fact that opium may be renounced; and without greater sufferings than an ordinary resolution may support, and by a pretty rapid course* of descent.

To communicate this result of my experiment was my foremost purpose. Secondly, as a purpose collateral to this, I wished to explain how it had become impossible for me to compose a Third Part in time to accompany this republication; for during the very time of this experiment, the proof sheets of this reprint were sent to me from London; and such was my inability to expand or to improve them, that I could not even bear to read them over with attention enough to notice the press errors, or to correct any verbal inaccuracies. These were my reasons for troubling my reader with any record, long or short, of experiments relating to so truly base a subject as my own body; and I am earnest with the reader that he will not forget them, or so far misapprehend me as to believe it possible that I would condescend to so rascally a subject for its own sake, or indeed for any less object than that of general benefit to others. Such an animal as the self-observing valetudinarian—I know there is ; I have met him who is preparing to retire from business, may have every sort of information before him, I subjoin my diary :—

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* On which last notice I would remark, that mine was *too* rapid, and the suffering therefore needlessly aggravated; or rather, perhaps, it was not sufficiently continuous and equably graduated. But, that the reader may judge for himself, and above all, that the Opium-eater,

FIRST WEEK.

			Drops of Laud.
Mond.	June	24	130
	——	25	140
	——	26	130
	——	27	80
	——	28	80
	——	29	80
	——	30	80

SECOND WEEK.

Mond.	July	1	80
	——	2	80
	——	3	90
	——	4	100
	——	5	80
	——	6	80
	——	7	80

THIRD WEEK.

			Drops of Laud.
Mond.	July	8	300
	——	9	50
	——	10	Hiatus in MS.
	——	11	
	——	12	
	——	13	
	——	14	76

FOURTH WEEK.

Mond.	July	15	76
	——	16	73½
	——	17	73½
	——	18	70
	——	19	240
	——	20	80
	——	21	350

FIFTH WEEK.

			Drops of Laud.
Mond.	July	22	60
	——	23	none.
	——	24	none.
	——	25	none.
	——	26	200
	——	27	none.

What mean these abrupt relapses, the reader will ask, perhaps, to such numbers as 300—350, etc. ? The *impulse* to these relapses was mere infirmity of purpose ; the *motive*, where any motive blended with this impulse, was either the principle of "*reculer pour mieux sauter ;*" (for, under the torpor of a large dose, which lasted for a day or two, a less quantity satisfied the stomach—which, on awakening, found itself partly accustomed to this new ration) ; or else it was this principle—that of sufferings otherwise equal those will be borne best which meet with a mood of anger. Now, whenever I ascended to my large dose, I was furiously incensed on the following day, and could then have borne anything.

myself occasionally, and I know that he is the worst imaginable *heautontimoroumenos ;* aggravating and sustaining, by calling into distinct consciousness every symptom that would else, perhaps, under a different direction given to the thoughts, become evanescent. But as to myself, so profound is my contempt for this undignified and selfish habit, that I could as little condescend to it as I could to spend my time in watching a poor servant girl, to whom at this moment I hear some lad or other making love at the back of my house. Is it for a Transcendental Philosopher to feel any curiosity on such an occasion? Or can I, whose life is worth only eight and a-half years' purchase, be supposed to have leisure for such trivial employments? However, to put this out of question, I shall say one thing, which will perhaps shock some readers; but I am sure it ought not to do so, considering the motives on which I say it. No man, I suppose, employs much of his time on the phenomena of his own body without some regard for it; whereas the reader sees that, so far from looking upon mine with any complacency or regard, I hate it, and make it the object of my bitter ridicule and contempt; and I should not be displeased to know that the last indignities which the law inflicts upon the bodies of the worst malefactors might hereafter fall upon it. And, in testification of my sincerity in saying this, I shall make the following offer. Like other men, I have particular fancies about the place of my burial; having lived chiefly in a mountainous region, I rather cleave to the conceit, that a grave in a green churchyard, amongst the ancient and solitary hills, will be a sublimer and more tranquil place of repose for a philosopher than any in the hideous Golgothas of London. Yet if the gentlemen of Surgeons' Hall think that any benefit can redound to their science from inspecting the appearances in the body of an Opium-eater, let them speak but a word, and I will take care that mine shall be legally secured to them, *i.e.*, as soon as I have done with it myself. Let them not hesitate to express their wishes upon any scruples of false delicacy, and consideration for my feelings; I assure them they will do me too much honour by "demonstrating" on such a crazy body as mine; and it will give me pleasure to anticipate this posthumous revenge and insult inflicted upon that which has caused me so much suffering in this life. Such bequests are not common; reversionary benefits contingent upon the death of the testator are indeed dangerous to announce in many cases: of this we have a remarkable instance in the habits of a Roman prince, who used, upon any notification made to him by rich persons, that they had left him a handsome estate in their wills, to express his entire satisfaction at such arrangements, and his gracious acceptance of those loyal legacies; but then, if the testators neglected to give him immediate possession of the property, if they traitorously "persisted in living" (*si vivere perseverarent*, as Suetonius expresses it), he was highly provoked, and took his measures accordingly. In those times, and from one of the worst of the Cæsars, we might expect such conduct; but I am sure that from English surgeons at this day I need look for no expressions of impatience, or of any other feelings, but such as are answerable to that pure love of science and all its interests, which induces me to make such an offer.

NOTES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A LATE OPIUM-EATER.

WALKING STEWART.

MR. STEWART the traveller, commonly called "Walking Stewart," was a man of very extraordinary genius. He has generally been treated by those who have spoken of him in print as a madman. But this is a mistake; and must have been founded chiefly on the titles of his books. He was a man of fervid mind and of sublime aspirations; but he was no madman; or, if he was, then I say that it is so far desirable to be a madman. In 1798 or 1799, when I must have been about thirteen years old, Walking Stewart was in Bath—where my family at that time resided. He frequented the pump-room, and I believe all public places—walking up and down, and dispersing his philosophic opinions to the right and the left, like a Grecian philosopher. The first time I saw him was at a concert in the Upper Rooms; he was pointed out to me by one of my party as a very eccentric man who had walked over the habitable globe. I remember that Madame Mara was at that moment singing; and Walking Stewart, who was a true lover of music (as I afterwards came to know), was hanging upon her notes like a bee upon a jessamine flower. His countenance was striking, and expressed the union of benignity with philosophic habits of thought. In such health had his pedestrian exercises preserved him, connected with his abstemious mode of living, that though he must at that time have been considerably above forty, he did not look older than twenty-eight; at least the face which remained upon my recollection for some years was that of a young man. Nearly ten years afterwards I became acquainted with him. During the interval I had picked up one of his works in Bristol—viz., his *Travels to Discover the Source of Moral Motion*, the second volume of which is entitled *The Apocalypse of Nature.* I had been greatly impressed by the sound and original views which in the first volume he had taken of the national characters throughout Europe. In particular he was the first, and so far as I know the only writer, who had noticed the profound error of ascribing a phlegmatic character to the English nation. "English phlegm" is the constant expression of authors when contrasting the English with the French. Now the truth is, that, beyond that of all other nations, it has a substratum of profound passion; and, if we are to recur to the old doctrine of temperaments, the English character must be classed not under the *phlegmatic* but under the *melancholic* temperament; and the French under the *sanguine.* The character of a nation may be judged of in this particular by examining its idiomatic language. The French, in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings, have appropriated all the phrases of passion to the service of trivial and ordinary life; and hence they have no language of passion for the service of poetry or of occasions really demanding it; for it has been already enfeebled by continual association with cases of an unimpassioned order. But a character of deeper passion has a perpetual standard in itself, by which as by an instinct it tries all cases, and rejects the language of passion as disproportionate and ludicrous where it is not fully justified. "Ah Heavens!" or "Oh my God!" are exclamations with us so exclusively reserved for cases of profound interest,—that on hearing a women even (*i.e.*, a person of the sex most easily excited) utter such words, we look around expecting to see her child in some situation of danger. But, in France, "Ciel!" and "Oh mon Dieu!" are uttered by every woman if a mouse does but run across the floor. The ignorant and the thoughtless, however, will continue to class the English character under the phlegmatic temperament, whilst the philosopher will perceive that it is the exact polar antithesis to a phlegmatic character. In this conclusion, though otherwise expressed and illustrated, Walking Stewart's view of the English character will be found to terminate; and his opinion is especially valuable—first and chiefly, because he was a philosopher; secondly, because his acquaintance with man civilised and uncivilised, under all national distinctions, was absolutely unrivalled. Meantime, this and others of his opinions were expressed in language that if literally construed would often appear insane or absurd. The truth is, his long intercourse with foreign nations had given something of a hybrid tincture to his diction; in some of his works, for instance, he uses the French word *hélas!* uniformly for the English *alas!* and apparently with no consciousness of his mistake. He had also this singularity about him—that he was everlastingly metaphysicising against metaphysics. To me, who was buried in metaphysical reveries from my earliest days, this was not likely to be an attraction; any more than the vicious structure of his diction was likely to please my scholar-like taste. All grounds of disgust, however, gave way before my sense of his powerful merits; and, as I have said, I sought his acquaintance. Coming up to London from Oxford about 1807 or 1808 I made inquiries about him; and found that he usually read the papers at a coffee-room in Piccadilly; understanding that he was poor, it struck me that he might not wish to receive visits at his lodgings, and therefore I sought him at the coffee-room. Here I took the liberty of introducing myself to him. He received me courteously, and invited me to his rooms—which at that time were in Sherrard Street, Golden Square—a street already memorable to me. I was much struck with the eloquence of his conversation; and afterwards I found that Mr. Wordsworth, himself the most eloquent of men in conversation, had been equally struck when he had met him at Paris between the years 1790 and 1792, during the early storms of the French Revolution. In Sherrard Street I visited him repeatedly, and took notes of the conversations I had with him on various subjects. These I must have somewhere or other; and I wish I could introduce them here, as they would interest the reader. Occasionally in these conversations, as in his books, he introduced a few notices of his private history; in particular I remember his telling me that in the East Indies he had been a prisoner of Hyder's; that he had escaped with some difficulty; and that in the service of one of the native princes as secretary or interpreter, he had accumulated a small fortune. This must have been too small, I fear, at that time to allow him even a philosopher's comforts; for some part of it, invested in the French funds, had been confiscated. I was grieved to see a man of so much ability, of gentlemanly manners, and refined habits, and with the infirmity of deafness, suffering under such obvious privations; and I once took the liberty, on a fit occasion presenting itself, of requesting that he would allow me to send him some books which he had been casually regretting that he did not possess; for I was at that time in the heyday of my worldly prosperity. This offer, however, he declined with firmness and dignity, though not unkindly. And I now mention it, because I have seen him charged in print with a selfish regard to his own pecuniary interest. On the contrary, he appeared to me a very liberal and generous man; and I well remember that, whilst he refused to accept of anything from me, he compelled me to receive as presents all the books which he published during my acquaintance with him; two of these corrected with his own hand—viz., the *Lyre of Apollo* and the *Sophiometer*, I have lately found amongst other books left in London; and others he forwarded to me in Westmoreland. In 1809 I saw him often; in the spring of that year I happened to be in London; and Mr. Wordsworth's tract on the Convention of Cintra being at that time in the printer's hands, I superintended the publication of it; and at Mr. Wordsworth's request, I added a long note on Spanish affairs, which is printed in the Appendix. The opinions I expressed in this note on the Spanish character, at that time much calumniated, on the retreat to Corunna, then fresh in the public mind, above all, the contempt I expressed for the superstition in respect to the French military prowess which was then universal and at its height, and which gave way in fact only to the campaigns of 1814 and 1815, fell in, as it happened, with Mr. Stewart's political creed in those points where at that time it met with most opposition. In 1812 it was, I think, that I saw him for the last time; and by the way, on the day of my parting with him, had an amusing proof in my own experience of that sort of ubiquity ascribed to him by a witty writer in the London Magazine: I met him and shook hands with him under Somerset House, telling him that I should leave town that evening for Westmoreland. Thence I went by the very shortest road (*i.e.*, through Moor Street, Soho—for I am learned in many quarters of London) towards a point which necessarily led me through Tottenham Court Road; I stopped nowhere, and walked fast; yet so it was that in Tottenham Court Road I was not overtaken by (*that* was comprehensible), but overtook Walking Stewart. Certainly, as the above writer alleges, there must have been three Walking Stewarts in London. He seemed no ways surprised at this himself, but explained to me that somewhere or other in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road there was a little theatre, at which there was dancing and occasionally good singing, between which and a neighbouring coffee-house he sometimes divided his evenings. Singing, it seems, he could hear in spite of his deafness. In this street I took my final leave of him; it turned out such; and anticipating at the time that it would be so, I looked after his white hat at the moment it was disappearing, and exclaimed—"Farewell, thou half-crazy and most eloquent man! I shall never see thy face again." I did not intend, at that moment, to visit London again for some years; as it happened, I was there for a short time in 1814; and then I heard to my great satisfaction that Walking Stewart had recovered a considerable sum (about £14,000 I believe) from the East India Company; and from the abstract given in the London

Magazine of the Memoir by his relation I have since learned that he applied this money most wisely to the purchase of an annuity, and that he "persisted in living" too long for the peace of an annuity office. So fare all companies East and West, and all annuity offices, that stand opposed in interest to philosophers! In 1814, however, to my great regret, I did not see him; for I was then taking a great deal of opium, and never could contrive to issue to the light of day soon enough for a morning call upon a philosopher of such early hours; and in the evening I concluded he would be generally abroad, from what he had formerly communicated to me of his own habits. It seems, however, that he afterwards held *conversationes* at his own rooms; and did not stir out to theatres quite so much. From a brother of mine, who at one time occupied rooms in the same house with him, I learned that in other respects he did not deviate in his prosperity from the philosophic tenor of his former life. He abated nothing of his peripatetic exercises; and repaired duly in the morning, as he had done in former years, to St. James's Park,—where he sate in contemplative ease amongst the cows, inhaling their balmy breath and pursuing his philosophic reveries. He had also purchased an organ, or more than one, with which he solaced his solitude and beguiled himself of uneasy thoughts, if he ever had any.

The works of Walking Stewart must be read with some indulgence; the titles are generally too lofty and pretending and somewhat extravagant; the composition is lax and unprecise, as I have before said; and the doctrines are occasionally very bold, incautiously stated, and too hardy and high-toned for the nervous effeminacy of many modern moralists. But Walking Stewart was a man who thought nobly of human nature; he wrote therefore at times in the spirit and with the indignation of an ancient prophet against the oppressors and destroyers of the time. In particular I remember that in one or more of the pamphlets which I received from him at Grasmere he expressed himself in such terms on the subject of Tyrannicide (distinguishing the cases in which it was and was not lawful) as seemed to Mr. Wordsworth and myself every way worthy of a philosopher; but, from the way in which that subject was treated in the House of Commons, where it was at that time occasionally introduced, it was plain that his doctrine was not fitted for the luxuries and relaxed morals of the age. Like all men who think nobly of human nature, Walking Stewart thought of it hopefully. In some respects his hopes were wisely grounded; in others they rested too much upon certain metaphysical speculations which are untenable, and which satisfied himself only because his researches in that track had been purely self-originated and self-disciplined. He relied upon his own native strength of mind; but in questions, which the wisdom and philosophy of every age building successively upon each other have not been able to settle, no mind however strong is entitled to build wholly upon itself. In many things he shocked the religious sense—especially as it exists in unphilosophic minds: he held a sort of rude and unscientific Spinosism; and he expressed it coarsely and in the way most likely to give offence. And indeed there can be no stronger proof of the utter obscurity in which his works have slumbered than that they should all have escaped prosecution. He also allowed himself to look too lightly and indulgently on the afflicting spectacle of female prostitution as it exists in London and in all great cities. This was the only point on which I was disposed to quarrel with him; for I could not but view it as a greater reproach to human nature than the slave-trade, or any sight of wretchedness that the sun looks down upon. I often told him so; and that I was at a loss to guess how a philosopher could allow himself to view it simply as part of the equipage of civil life, and as reasonably making part of the establishment and furniture of a great city as police-offices, lamp-lighting, or newspapers. Waiving, however, this one instance of something like compliance with the brutal spirit of the world, on all other subjects he was eminently unworldly, childlike, simple-minded, and upright. He would flatter no man; even when addressing nations, it is almost laughable to see how invariably he prefaces his counsels with such plain truths uttered in a manner so offensive as must have defeated his purpose if it had otherwise any chance of being accomplished. For instance, in addressing America, he begins thus: "People of America! since your separation from the mother-country, your moral character has degenerated in the energy of thought and sense; produced by the absence of your association and intercourse with British officers and merchants; you have no moral discernment to distinguish between the protective power of England and the destructive power of France." And his letter to the Irish nation opens in this agreeable and conciliatory manner:—"People of Ireland! I address you as a true philosopher of nature, foreseeing the perpetual misery your irreflective character and total absence of moral discernment are preparing for," etc. The second sentence begins thus:—"You are sacrilegiously arresting the arm of your parent kingdom fighting the cause of man and nature, when the triumph of the fiend of French police terror would be your own instant extirpation." And the letter closes thus:—"I see but one awful alternative—that Ireland will be a perpetual moral volcano, threatening the destruction of the world, if the education and instruction of thought and sense shall not be able to generate the faculty of moral discernment among a very numerous class of the population, who detest the civic calm as sailors the natural calm—and make civic rights on which they cannot reason a pretext for feuds which they delight in." As he spoke freely and boldly to others, so he spoke loftily of himself; at p. 313 of *The Harp of Apollo*, on making a comparison of himself with Socrates (in which he naturally gives the preference to himself), he styles *The Harp*, etc., "this unparaleled work of human energy." At p. 315, he calls it, "this stupendous work;" and lower down on the same page he says—"I was turned out of school at the age of fifteen for a dunce or blockhead, because I would not stuff into my memory all the nonsense of erudition and learning; and if future ages should discover the unparalleled energies of genius in this work, it will prove my most important doctrine—that the powers of the human mind must be developed in the education of thought and sense in the study of moral opinion, not arts and science." Again, at p. 225 of his *Sophiometer*, he says:—"The paramount thought that dwells in my mind incessantly is a question I put to myself—whether, in the event of my personal dissolution by death, I have communicated all the discoveries my unique mind possesses in the great master-science of man and nature." In the next page he determines that he *has*, with the exception of one truth—viz., "the latent energy, physical and moral, of human nature as existing in the British people." But here he was surely accusing himself without ground; for to my knowledge he has not failed in any one of his numerous works to insist upon this theme at least a billion of times. Another instance of his magnificent self-estimation is—that in the title-pages of several of his works he announces himself as "John Stewart, the only man of nature* that ever appeared in the world."

By this time I am afraid the reader begins to suspect that he was crazy; and certainly, when I consider everything, he must have been crazy when the wind was at N.N.E.; for who but Walking Stewart ever dated his books by a computation drawn—not from the creation, not from the flood, not from Nabonassar, or *ab urbe conditâ*, not from the Hegira—but from themselves, from their own day of publication, as constituting the one great æra in the history of man by the side of which all other æras were frivolous and impertinent? Thus, in a work of his given to me in 1812, and probably published in that year, I find him incidentally recording of himself that he was at that time "arrived at the age of sixty-three, with a firm state of health acquired by temperance, and a peace of mind almost independent of the vices of mankind—because my knowledge of life has enabled me to place my happiness beyond the reach or contact of other men's follies and passions, by avoiding all family connexions and all ambitious pursuits of profit, fame, or power." On reading this passage I was anxious to ascertain its date; but this, on turning to the title-page, I found thus mysteriously expressed: "In the 7000th year of Astronomical History, and the first day of Intellectual Life or Moral World, from the æra of this work." Another slight indication of craziness appeared in a notion which obstinately haunted his mind that all the kings and rulers of the earth would confederate in every age against his works, and would hunt them out for extermination as keenly as Herod did the innocents in Bethlehem. On this consideration, fearing that they might be intercepted by the long arms of these wicked princes before they could reach that remote Stewartian man or his precursor to whom they were mainly addressed, he recommended to all those who might be impressed with a sense of their importance to bury a copy or copies of each work, properly secured from damp, etc., at a depth of seven or eight feet below the surface of the earth ; and on their death-beds to communicate the knowledge of this fact to some confidential friends, who in their turn were to send down the tradition to some discreet persons of the next generation ; and thus, if the truth was not to be dispersed for many ages, yet the knowledge that here and there the truth lay buried on this and that continent, in secret spots on Mount Caucasus—in the sands of Biledulgerid—and in hiding-places amongst the forests of America, and was to rise again in some distant age and to vegetate and fructify for the universal benefit of man—this knowledge at least was to be whispered down from generation to generation ; and, in defiance of a myriad of kings crusading against him, Walking Stewart was to stretch out the influence of his writings through a long series of λαμπαδοφοροι to that child of nature whom he saw dimly through a vista of many centuries. If this were madness, it seemed to me a somewhat sublime madness ; and I assured him of my co-operation against the kings, promising that I would bury "The Harp of Apollo" in my own orchard in Grasmere at the foot of Mount Fairfield ; that I would bury "The Apocalypse of Nature" in one of the coves of Helvellyn, and several other places best known to myself. He accepted my offer with gratitude ; but he then made known to me that he relied on my assistance for a still more important service—which was this: in the lapse of that vast number of ages which would probably intervene between the present period and the period at which his works would have reached their destination, he feared that the English language might itself have mouldered away. "No!" I said, "*that* was not probable; considering its extensive diffusion, and that it was now transplanted into all the continents of our planet, I would back the English language against any other on earth." His own persuasion, however, was that the Latin was destined to survive all other languages; it was to be the eternal as well as the universal language; and his desire was that I would translate his works, or some part of them, into that language.* This I promised; and I seriously designed at some leisure hour to translate into Latin a selection of passages which should embody an abstract of his philosophy. This would have been doing a service to all those who might wish to see a digest of his peculiar opinions cleared from the perplexities of his peculiar diction, and brought into a narrow compass from the great number of volumes through which they are at present dispersed. However, like many another plan of mine, it went unexecuted.

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* In Bath he was surnamed "the Child of Nature;"—which arose from his contrasting on every occasion the existing man of our present experience with the ideal or Stewartian man that might be expected to emerge in some myriads of ages, to which latter man he gave the name of the Child of Nature.

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* I was not aware until the moment of writing this passage that Walking Stewart had publicly made this request three years after making it to myself: opening the Harp of Apollo, I have just now accidentally stumbled on the following passage, "This stupendous work is destined, I fear, to meet a worse fate than the Aloe, which as soon as it blossoms loses its stalk. This first blossom of reason is threatened with the loss of both its stalk and its soil; for, if the revolutionary tyrant should triumph, he would destroy all the English books and energies of thought. I conjure my readers to translate this work into Latin, and to bury it in the ground, communicating on their death-beds only its place of concealment to men of nature."

From the title-page of this work, by the way, I learn that the "7000th year of Astronomical History" is taken from the Chinese tables, and coincides (as I had supposed) with the year 1812 of our computation.

On the whole, if Walking Stewart were at all crazy, he was so in a way which did not effect his natural genius and eloquence—but rather exalted them. The old maxim, indeed, that "Great wits to madness sure are near allied," the maxim of Dryden and the popular maxim, I have heard disputed by Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth, who maintained that mad people are the dullest and most wearisome of all people. As a body, I believe they are so. But I must dissent from the authority of Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth so far as to distinguish. Where madness is connected, as it often is, with some miserable derangement of the stomach, liver, etc., and attacks the principle of pleasurable life, which is manifestly seated in the central organs of the body (*i.e.*, in the stomach and the apparatus connected with it), there it cannot but lead to perpetual suffering and distraction of thought; and there the patient will be often tedious and incoherent. People who have not suffered from any great disturbance in those organs are little aware how indispensable to the process of thinking are the momentary influxes of pleasurable feeling from the regular goings on of life in its primary functions; in fact, until the pleasure is withdrawn or obscured, most people are not aware that they *have* any pleasure from the due action of the great central machinery of the system; proceeding in uninterrupted continuance, the pleasure as much escapes the consciousness as the act of respiration; a child, in the happiest state of its existence, does not *know* that it is happy. And generally whatsoever is the level state of the hourly feeling is never put down by the unthinking (*i.e.*, by 99 out of 100) to the account of happiness; it is never put down with the positive sign, as equal to $+x$; but simply as $=0$. And men first become aware that it *was* a positive quantity, when they have lost it (*i.e.*, fallen into $-x$). Meantime the genial pleasure from the vital processes, though not represented to the consciousness, is *immanent* in every act—impulse—motion—word—and thought; and a philosopher sees that the idiots are in a state of pleasure, though they cannot see it themselves. Now I say that, where this principle of pleasure is not attached, madness is often little more than an enthusiasm highly exalted; the animal spirits are exuberant and in excess; and the madman becomes, if he be otherwise a man of ability and information, all the better as a companion. I have met with several such madmen; and I appeal to my brilliant friend, Professor W——, who is not a man to tolerate dulness in any quarter, and is himself the ideal of a delightful companion, whether he ever met a more amusing person than that madman, who took a post-chaise with us from —— to Carlisle, long years ago, when he and I were hastening with the speed of fugitive felons to catch the Edinburgh mail. His fancy and his extravagance, and his furious attacks on Sir Isaac Newton, like Plato's suppers, refreshed us not only for that day but whenever they recurred to us; and we were both grieved when we heard some time afterwards from a Cambridge man that he had met our clever friend in a stage-coach under the care of a brutal keeper. Such a madness, if any, was the madness of Walking Stewart; his health was perfect; his spirits as light and ebullient as the spirits of a bird in spring-time; and his mind unagitated by painful thoughts, and at peace with itself. Hence, if he was not an amusing companion, it was because the philosophic direction of his thoughts made him something more. Of anecdotes and matters of fact he was not communicative: of all that he had seen in the vast compass of his travels he never availed himself in conversation. I do not remember at this moment that he ever once alluded to his own travels in his intercourse with me except for the purpose of weighing down by a statement grounded on his own great personal experience an opposite statement of many hasty and misjudging travellers which he thought injurious to human nature; the statement was this, that in all his countless rencontres with uncivilised tribes he had never met with any so ferocious and brutal as to attack an unarmed and defenceless man who was able to make them understand that he threw himself upon their hospitality and forbearance.

On the whole, Walking Stewart was a sublime visionary; he had seen and suffered much amongst men; yet not too much, or so as to dull the genial tone of his sympathy with the sufferings of others. His mind was a mirror of the sentient universe. The whole mighty vision that had fleeted before his eyes in this world,—the armies of Hyder Ali and his son with oriental and barbaric pageantry,—the civic grandeur of England—the great deserts of Asia and America, —the vast capitals of Europe,—London with its eternal agitations, the ceaseless ebb and flow of its "mighty heart," —Paris shaken by the fierce torments of revolutionary convulsions, the silence of Lapland, and the solitary forests of Canada, with the swarming life of the torrid zone, together with innumerable recollections of individual joy and sorrow, that he had participated by sympathy—lay like a map beneath him, as if eternally co-present to his view; so that, in the contemplation of the prodigious whole, he had no leisure to separate the parts, or occupy his mind with details. Hence came the monotony which the frivolous and the desultory would have found in his conversation. I, however, who am perhaps the person best qualified to speak of him, must pronounce him to have been a man of great genius: and, with reference to his conversation, of great eloquence. That these were not better known and acknowledged was owing to two disadvantages; one grounded in his imperfect education, the other in the peculiar structure of his mind. The first was this: like the late Mr. Shelley he had a fine vague enthusiasm and lofty aspirations in connection with human nature generally and its hopes; and like him he strove to give steadiness, a uniform direction, and an intelligible purpose to these feelings, by fitting to them a scheme of philosophical opinions. But unfortunately the philosophic system of both was so far from supporting their own views and the cravings of their own enthusiasm, that, as in some points it was baseless, incoherent, or unintelligible, so in others it tended to moral results, from which, if they had foreseen them, they would have been themselves the first to shrink, as contradictory to the very purposes in which their system had originated. Hence, in maintaining their own system they both found themselves painfully entangled at times with tenets pernicious and degrading to human nature. These were the inevitable consequences of the πρωτον φευδος in their speculations; but were naturally charged upon them by those who looked carelessly into their books as opinions which not only for the sake of consistency they thought themselves bound to endure, but to which they gave the full weight of their sanction and patronage as to so many moving principles in their system. The other disadvantage under which Walking Stewart laboured was this: he was a man of genius, but not a man of talents; at least his genius was out of all proportion to his talents, and wanted an organ as it were for manifesting itself; so that his most original thoughts were delivered in a crude state—imperfect, obscure, half developed, and not producible to a popular audience. He was aware of this himself; and, though he claims everywhere the faculty of profound intuition into human nature, yet with equal candour he accuses himself of asinine stupidity, dulness, and want of talent. He was a disproportioned intellect, and so far a monster; and he must be added to the long list of original-minded men who have been looked down upon with pity and contempt by commonplace men of talent, whose powers of mind—though a thousand times inferior—were yet more manageable, and ran in channels more suited to common uses and common understandings.

N.B.—About the year 1812 I remember seeing in many of the print-shops a whole-length sketch in water-colours of Walking Stewart in his customary dress and attitude. This, as the only memorial (I presume) in that shape of a man whose memory I love, I should be very glad to possess; and therefore I take the liberty of publicly requesting as a particular favour from any reader of this article, who may chance to remember such a sketch in any collection of prints offered for sale, that he would cause it to be sent to the editor of the London Magazine, who will pay for it.

ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH.

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in Macbeth: it was this: the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account; the effect was—that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity: yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind and the most to be distrusted: and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophic purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science—as for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why?—For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line, that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails of course to produce the effect demanded. Here then is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes as it were: for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (which is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life. But to return from this digression,—my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in Macbeth should produce any effect direct or reflected: in fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better: I felt that it did: and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied with anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his: and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare had invented: and all good judges and the most eminent dilettanti acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realised. Here then was a fresh proof that I had been right in relying on my own feeling in opposition to my understanding; and again I set myself to study the problem: at length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and my solution is this. Murder in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason—that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures; this instinct therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to a level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer: our sympathy must be with *him;* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy* of pity or approbation:) in the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic: the fear of instant death smites him "with its petrific mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated: but though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so

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"It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it should naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholar-like use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonyme of the word *pity;* and hence, instead of saying, "sympathy *with* another," many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of "sympathy *for* another."

awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature—*i.e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the dialogues and soliloquies themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near to the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulph from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess: we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice: time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done—when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again: and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Oh ! mighty poet !—Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art ; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers,—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hailstorm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert—but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident !

ON SUICIDE.

IT is a remarkable proof of the inaccuracy with which most men read—that Donne's *Baithanatos* has been supposed to countenance Suicide; and those who reverence his name have thought themselves obliged to apologise for it by urging, that it was written before he entered the church. But Donne's purpose in this treatise was a pious one; many authors have charged the martyrs of the Christian church with suicide—on the principle that if I put myself in the way of a mad bull, knowing that he will kill me, I am as much chargeable with an act of self-destruction as if I fling myself into a river. Several casuists had extended this principle even to the case of Jesus Christ: one instance of which, in a modern author, the reader may see noticed and condemned by Kant, in his *Religion innerhalb die gronzen der blossen Vernunft;* and another of much earlier date, (as far back as the thirteenth century, I think,) in a commoner book — Voltaire's notes on the little treatise of Beccaria, *Dei delitti e delle pene.* These statements tended to one or two results; either they unsanctified the characters of those who founded and nursed the Christian church; or they sanctified suicide. By way of meeting them, Donne wrote his book; and as the whole argument of his opponents turned upon a false definition of suicide (not explicitly stated, but assumed), he endeavoured to reconstitute the notion of what is essential to create an act of suicide. Simply to kill a man is not murder: *primâ facie*, therefore, there is some sort of presumption that simply for a man to kill himself—may not always be so; there is such a thing as simple homicide distinct from murder; there may, therefore, possibly be such a thing as self-homicide distinct from self-murder. There *may* be a ground for such a distinction, *ex analogiâ.* But, secondly, on examination, *is* there any ground for such a distinction? Donne affirms that there is; and reviewing several eminent cases of spontaneous martyrdom, he endeavours to show that acts so motived and so circumstantiated will not come within the notion of suicide properly defined. Meantime, may not this tend to the encouragement of suicide in general, and without discrimination of its species? No; Donne's arguments have no prospective reference or application; they are purely restrospective. The circumstances necessary to create an act of mere self-homicide can rarely concur, except in a state of disordered society, and during the *cardinal* revolutions of human history; where, however, they *do* concur, there it will not be suicide. In fact, this is the natural and particular judgment of us all. We do not all agree on the particular cases which will justify self-destruction; but we all feel and involuntarily acknowledge (*implicitly* acknowledge in our admiration, though not explicitly in our words or in our principles), that there *are* such cases. There is no man, who in his heart would not reverence a woman that chose to die rather than to be dishonoured; and, if we do not say that it is her duty to do so, *that* is because the moralist must condescend to the weakness and infirmities of human nature: mean and ignoble natures must not be taxed up to the level of noble ones. Again, with regard to the other sex, corporal punishment is a peculiar and *sexual* degradation; and if ever the distinction of Donne can be applied safely to any case, it will be to the case of him who chooses to die rather than to submit to that ignominy. *At present*, however, there is but a dim and very confined sense, even amongst enlightened men (as we may see by the debates of Parliament), of the injury which is done to human nature by giving legal sanction to such brutalising acts; and therefore most men, in seeking to escape it, would be merely shrinking from a *personal* dishonour. Corporal punishment is usually argued with a single reference to the case of him who suffers it; and *so* argued, God knows that it is worthy of all abhorrence; but the weightiest argument against it—is the foul indignity which is offered to our common nature lodged in the person of him on whom it is inflicted. *His* nature is *our* nature; and, supposing it possible that *he* were so far degraded as to be unsusceptible of any influences but those which address him through the brutal part of his nature, yet for the sake of ourselves—no! not merely for ourselves, or for the human race now existing, but for the sake of human nature, which transcends all existing participators of that nature—we should remember that the evil of corporal punishment is not to be measured by the poor transitory criminal, whose memory and offence are soon to perish; these, in the sum of things, are as nothing; the injury which can be done him, and the injury which he can do, have so momentary an existence that they may be safely neglected; but the abiding injury is to the most august interest which for the mind of man can have any existence,—viz., to his own nature: to rise and dignify which, I am persuaded, is the first—last—and holiest command which the conscience imposes on the philosophic moralist.* In countries, where the traveller has the pain of seeing human creatures performing the labours of brutes,†—surely the sorrow which the spectacle moves, if a wise sorrow, will not be chiefly directed to the poor degraded individual—too deeply degraded, probably, to be sensible of his own degradation, but to the reflection that man's nature is thus exhibited in a state of miserable abasement; and, what is worst of all, abasement proceeding from man himself. Now, whenever this view of corporal punishment becomes general (as inevitably it will, under the influence of advancing civilisation), I say, that Donne's principle will then become applicable to this case, and it will be the duty of a man to die rather than to suffer his own nature to be dishonoured in that way. But so long as a man is not fully sensible of the dishonour, to him the dishonour, except as a personal one, does not wholly exist. In general, whenever a paramount interest of human nature is at stake, a suicide which maintains that interest is self-homicide; but, for a personal interest, it becomes self-murder. And to this principle Donne's may be resolved.

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* On which account, I am the more struck by the ignoble argument of those statesmen who have contended in the House of Commons that such and such classes of men in this nation are not accessible to any loftier influences. Supposing that there were any truth in this assertion, which is a libel not on this nation only, but on man in general,—surely it is the duty of lawgivers not to perpetuate by their institutions the evil which they find, but to presume and gradually to create a better spirit.

† Of which degradation, let it never be forgotten that France but thirty years ago presented as shocking cases as any country, even where slavery is tolerated. An eye-witness to the fact, who has since published it in print, told me, that in France, before the Revolution, he had repeatedly seen a woman yoked with an ass to the plough; and the brutal ploughman applying his whip indifferently to either. English people, to whom I have occasionally mentioned this as an exponent of the hollow refinement of manners in France, have uniformly exclaimed "*That* is more than I can believe;" and have taken it for granted that I had my information from some prejudiced Englishman. But who was my informer? A Frenchman, reader,—M. Simond; and though now by adoption an American citizen, yet still French in his heart and in all his prejudices.

A doubt has been raised—whether brute animals ever commit suicide; to me it is obvious that they do not, and cannot. Some years ago, however, there was a case reported in all the newspapers of an old ram who committed suicide (as it was alleged) in the presence of many witnesses. Not having any pistols or razors, he ran for a short distance, in order to aid the impetus of his descent, and leaped over a precipice, at the foot of which he was dashed to pieces. His motive to the "rash act," as the papers called it, was supposed to be mere *tædium vitæ*. But, for my part, I doubted the accuracy of the report. Not long after a case occurred in Westmoreland which strengthened my doubts. A fine young blood horse, who could have no possible reason for making away with himself, unless it were the high price of oats at the time, was found one morning dead in a field. The case was certainly a suspicious one: for he was lying by the side of a stone-wall, the upper part of which wall his skull had fractured, and which had returned the compliment by fracturing his skull. It was argued, therefore, that in default of ponds, etc., he had deliberately hammered with his head against the wall; this, at first, seemed the only solution: and he was generally pronounced *felo de se*. However, a day or two brought the truth to light. The field lay upon the side of a hill; and, from a mountain which rose above it, a shepherd had witnessed the whole catastrophe, and gave evidence which vindicated the character of the horse. The day had been very windy; and the young creature being in high spirits, and, caring evidently as little for the corn question as for the bullion question, had raced about in all directions; and at length, descending too steep a part of the field, had been unable to check himself, and was projected by the impetus of his own descent like a battering ram against the wall.

Of human suicides, the most affecting I have ever seen recorded is one which I met with in a German book; this I shall repeat a little further on; the most calm and deliberate is the following, which is *said* to have occurred at Keswick, in Cumberland; but I must acknowledge, that I never had an opportunity, whilst staying at Keswick, of verifying the statement. A young man, of studious turn, who is said to have resided near Penrith, was anxious to qualify himself for entering the church, or for any other mode of life which might secure to him a reasonable portion of literary leisure. His family, however, thought that under the circumstances of his situation he would have a better chance for success in life as a tradesman; and they took the necessary steps for placing him as an apprentice at some shopkeeper's in Penrith. This he looked upon as an indignity, to which he was determined in no case to submit. And accordingly, when he had ascertained that all opposition to the choice of his friends was useless, he walked over to the mountainous district of Keswick (about sixteen miles distant)—looked about him in order to select his ground—coolly walked up Lattrig (a dependency of Skiddaw)—made a pillow of sods—laid himself down with his face looking up to the sky—and in that posture he was found dead, with the appearance of having died tranquilly.

HISTORICO-CRITICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREEMASONS.

THERE is a large body of outstanding problems in history, great and little, some relating to persons, some to things, some to usages, some to words, etc., which furnish occasion, beyond any other form of historical researches, for the display of extensive reading and critical acumen. 1. In reference to *persons*, as those which regard whole nations—*e.g.* What became of the ten tribes of Israel? Did Brennus and his Gauls penetrate into Greece? Who and what are the Gipsies?—or those, far more in number, which regard individuals; as the case of the Knights Templars—of Mary Stuart—of the Ruthvens (the Gowrie Conspiracy). Who was the man in the Iron Mask? Was the unhappy Lady of the Haystack, who in our own days slept out of doors or in barns up and down Somersetshire, a daughter of the Emperor of Germany? Was Perkin Warbeck three centuries ago the true Plantagenet?* 2. In reference to *things;* as—Who first discovered the sources of the Nile? Who built Stonehenge? Who discovered the compass? What was the Golden Fleece? Was the Siege of Troy a romance, or a grave historic fact? Was the Iliad the work of one mind, or (on the Wolfian hypothesis) of many? What is to be thought of the Thundering Legion? of the miraculous dispersion of the Emperor Julian's labourers before Jerusalem? of the burning of the Alexandrian Library, etc. Who wrote the Εἰκὼν Βασιλική? Who wrote the Letters of Junius? Was the Fluxional Calculus discovered simultaneously by Leibnitz and Newton? or did Leibnitz derive the first hint of it from the letter of Newton? 3. In reference to *usages;* as the May-pole and May-day dances—the Morris dancers—the practice (not yet extinct amongst uneducated people) of saying "God bless you!" on hearing a person sneeze, and thousands of others. 4. In reference to *words;* as whence came the mysterious *Labarum* of Constantine? etc. Among the problems of the first class, there are not many more irritating to the curiosity than that which concerns the well-known order of Freemasons. In our own language I am not aware of any work which has treated this question with much learning. I have therefore abstracted, rearranged, and in some respects I shall not scruple to say —have improved the German work on this subject, of Professor J. G. Buhle. This work is an expansion of a Latin Dissertation read by the Professor in the year 1803 to the Philosophical Society of Göttingen; and, in respect to the particular sort of merit looked for in a work of this kind, has (I believe) satisfied the most competent judges. Coming after a crowd of other learned works on the Rosicrucians, and those of Lessing and Nicolai on the Freemasons, it could not well fail to embody what was most important in their elaborate researches, and to benefit by the whole. Implicitly, therefore, it may be looked upon as containing the whole learning of the case, as accumulated by all former writers, in addition to that contributed by the Professor himself; which, to do him justice, seems to be extensive and accurate. But the Professor's *peculiar* claims to distinction in this inquiry are grounded upon the solution which he first has given in a satisfactory way to the main problem of the case—What is the *origin* of Freemasonry? For, as to the *secret* of Freemasonry, and its occult doctrines, there is a readier and more certain way of getting at those than through any Professor's book. To a hoax played off by a young man of extraordinary talents in the beginning of the seventeenth century (*i.e.*, about 1610–14), but for a more elevated purpose than most hoaxes involve, the reader will find that the whole mysteries of Freemasonry, as now existing all over the civilised world, after a lapse of more than two centuries, are here distinctly traced: such is the power of a grand and capacious aspiration of philosophic benevolence to embalm even the idlest levities, as amber enshrines straws and insects!

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* There can be no doubt that he was. But I mention it as a question which most people suppose to be yet *sub judice*.

Any reader who should find himself satisfied with the Professor's solution and its proof, would probably be willing to overlook his other defects: his learning and his felicity of conjecture may pass as sufficient and redeeming merits in a Göttingen Professor. Else, and if these merits were set aside, I must say that I have rarely met with a more fatiguing person than Professor Buhle.* That his essay is readable at all, if it *be* readable, the reader must understand that he owes to me. Mr. Buhle is celebrated as the historian of philosophy, and as a logic-professor at a great German University. But a more illogical work than his as to the conduct of the question, or one more confused in its arrangement, I have not often seen. It is doubtless a rare thing to meet with minds sufficiently stern in their logic to keep a question steadily and immovably before them, without ever being thrown out of their track by verbal delusions: and for my own part I must say that I never was present in my life at one of those after-dinner disputations by which social pleasure is poisoned (except in the higher and more refined classes), where the course of argument did not within ten minutes quit the question upon which it had first started—and all upon the seduction of some equivocal word, or of some theme which bore affinity to the main theme, but was not that main theme itself, or still oftener of some purely verbal transition. All this is common: but the eternal see-sawing, weaving and counter-weaving, flux and reflux, of Professor Buhle's course of argument is *not* common by any means, but very *un*common, and worthy of a place in any cabinet of natural curiosities. There is an everlasting confusion in the worthy man's mind between the two questions—What is the *origin* of Freemasonry? and what is the *nature* and *essence* of Freemasonry? The consequence is that one idea always exciting the other, they constantly come out shouldering and elbowing each other for precedency—every sentence is charged with a double commission—the Professor gets angry with himself, begins to splutter unintelligibly, and finds on looking round him that he has wheeled about to a point of the argument considerably in the rear of that which he had reached perhaps 150 pages before. I have done what I could to remedy these infirmities of the book;

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* I believe that he is also the editor of the Bipont Aristotle: but not possessing that edition of Aristotle myself, I cannot pretend to speak of its value. His *History of Philosophy* I have: it is probably as good as such works usually are: and, alas!—no better.

and upon the whole it is a good deal less paralytic than it was. But, having begun my task on the assumption that the first chapter should naturally come before the second, the second before the third, and so on—I find now (when the mischief is irreparable) that I made a great mistake in that assumption, which perhaps is not applicable to Göttingen books, and that if I had read the book on the Hebrew principle—or Βουατροφηδν—or had tacked and traversed —or done anything but sail in a straight line, I could not have failed to improve the arrangement of my materials. But, after all, I have so whitewashed the Professor, that nothing but a life of gratitude on his part, and free admission to his logic lectures for ever, can possibly repay me for my services.

The three most triumphant dissertations existing upon the class of historico-critical problems which I have described above are—1. Bentley's upon the spurious Epistles ascribed to Phalaris; 2. Malcolm Laing's upon Perkin Warbeck (published by Dr. Henry in his *Hist. of Great Britain*); 3. Mr. Taylor's upon the Letters of Junius. All three are loaded with a superfetation of evidence, and conclusive beyond what the mind altogether wishes. For it is pleasant to have the graver part of one's understanding satisfied, and yet to have its capricious part left in possession of some miserable fragment of a scruple upon which it may indulge itself with an occasional speculation in support of the old error. In fact, coercion is not pleasant in any cases; and though reasons be as plenty as blackberries, one would not either give or believe them "on compulsion." In the present work the reader will perhaps not find himself under this unpleasant sense of coercion, but left more to the free exercise of his own judgment. Yet upon the whole I think he will give his final award in behalf of Buhle's hypothesis.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ORDERS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS AND THE FREEMASONS.

I DEEM it an indispensable condition of any investigation into the origin of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons—that both orders should be surveyed comprehensively and in the whole compass of their relations and characteristic marks; not with reference to this or that mythos, symbol, usage, or form: and to the neglect of this condition, I believe, we must impute the unsuccessful issue which has hitherto attended the essays on the subject. First of all, therefore, I will assign those distinguishing features of these orders which appear to me universal and essential; and these I shall divide into *internal* and *external*—accordingly as they respect the personal relations and the purposes of their members, or simply the outward form of the institutions.

The universal and essential characteristics of the two orders, which come under the head of *internal*, are these which follow:—

I. As their fundamental maxim they assume—*Entire equality of personal rights amongst their members in relation to their final object.* All distinctions of social rank are annihilated. In the character of masons the prince and the lowest citizen behave reciprocally as free men—standing to each other in no relation of civic inequality. This is a feature of masonry in which it resembles the church: projecting itself, like *that*, from the body of the state; and in *idea* opposing itself to the state, though not in fact; for, on the contrary, the ties of social obligation are strengthened and sanctioned by the masonic doctrines. It is true that these orders have *degrees*—many or few, according to the constitution of the several mother-lodges. These, however, express no subordination in rank or power: they imply simply a more or less intimate connection with the concerns and purposes of the institution. A gradation of this sort, corresponding to the different stages of knowledge and initiation in the mysteries of the order, was indispensable to the objects which they had in view. It could not be advisable to admit a young man, inexperienced and untried, to the full participation of their secrets: he must first be educated and moulded for the ends of the society. Even elder men it was found necessary to subject to the probation of the lower degrees before they were admitted to the higher. Without such a regulation dangerous persons might sometimes have crept into the councils of the society; which, in fact, happened occasionally, in spite of all provisions to the contrary. It may be alleged that this feature of personal equality amongst the members in relation to their private object is not exclusively the characteristic of Rosicrucians and Freemasons. True; it belongs no less to all the secret societies which have arisen in modern times. But, notwithstanding *that*, it is indisputable that to them was due the original scheme of an institution, having neither an ecclesiastic nor a political tendency, and built on the personal equality of all the individuals who composed it.

II. *Women, children, those who were not in the full possession of civic freedom, Jews, Anti-Christians generally, and* (according to undoubted historic documents) in the early days of these orders—*Roman Catholics were excluded from the society.* For what reason women were excluded, I suppose it can hardly be necessary to say. The absurd spirit of curiosity, talkativeness, and levity, which so distinguish that unhappy sex, were obviously incompatible with the grave purposes of the Rosicrucians and Masons. Not to mention that the familiar intercourse, which co-membership in these societies brings along with it, would probably have led to some disorders in a promiscuous assemblage of both sexes, such as might have tainted the good fame or even threatened the existence of the order. More remarkable is the exclusion of *persons* not *wholly free*, of *Jews*, and of *Anti-Christians;* and, indeed, it throws an important light upon the origin and character of the institutions. By *persons not free* we are to understand not merely slaves and vassals, but also those who were in the service of others—and generally all who had not an independent livelihood. Even freeborn persons are comprehended in this designation, so long as they continued in the state of minority. Masonry presumes in all its members the devotion of their knowledge and powers to the objects of the institution. Now, what services could be rendered by vassals, menial servants, day-labourers, journeymen, with the limited means at their disposal as to wealth or knowledge, and in their state of dependency upon others? Besides, with the prejudices of birth and rank prevalent in that age, any admission of plebeian members would have immediately ruined the scheme. Indeed, we have great reason to wonder that an idea so bold for those times as the union of nobles and burghers under a law of perfect equality could ever have been realised. And, in fact, among any other people than the English, with their national habits of thinking, and other favourable circumstances, it could *not* have been realised. *Minors* were rejected unless when the consent of their guardians was obtained; for otherwise the order would have exposed itself to the suspicion of tampering with young people in an illegal way: to say nothing of the want of free-agency in minors. That lay-brothers were admitted for the performance of servile offices is not to be taken as any departure from the general rule; for it was matter of necessity that persons of lower rank should fill the menial offices attached to the society; and these persons, be it observed, were always chosen from amongst those who had an independent property, however small. As to the exclusion of Anti-Christians, especially of Jews, this may seem at first sight inconsistent with the cosmo-political tendency of Masonry. But had it that tendency at its first establishment? Be this as it may, we need not be surprised at such a regulation in an age so little impressed with the virtue of toleration, and indeed so little able—from political circumstances—to practise it. Besides, it was necessary for their own security; the Freemasons themselves were exposed to a suspicion of atheism and sorcery; and this suspicion would have been confirmed by the indiscriminate admission of persons hostile to Christianity. For the Jews in particular, there was a further reason for rejecting them, founded on the deep degradation of the national character. With respect to the Roman Catholics, I need not at this point anticipate the historic data which favour their exclusion. The fact is certain; but, I add, only for the earlier periods of Freemasonry. Further on, the cosmo-political constitution of the order had cleared it of all such religious tests; and at this day, I believe, that in the lodges of London and Paris there would be no hesitation in receiving as a brother any upright Mohammedan or Jew. Even in smaller cities, where lingering prejudices would still cleave with more bigotry to the old exclusions, greater stress is laid upon the natural religion of the candidate—his belief in God and his sense of moral obligation—than upon his positive confession of faith. In saying this, however, I would not be understood to speak of certain individual sects among the Rosicrucians, whose mysticism leads them to demand special religious qualities in their proselytes which are dispensed with by common Freemasonry.

III. *The orders make pretensions to mysteries;* these relate partly to ends, and partly to means; and are derived from the East, whence they profess to derive an occult wisdom not revealed to the profane. This striving after hidden knowledge, it was, that specially distinguished these societies from others that pursued unknown objects. And because their main object was a mystery, and that it might remain such, an oath of secrecy was demanded of every member on his admission. Nothing of this mystery could ever be discovered by a visit from the police: for when such an event happens, and naturally it has happened many times, the business is at end—and the lodge *ipso facto* dissolved: besides that, all the acts of the members are symbolic, and unintelligible to all but the initiated. Meantime no government can complain of this exclusion from the mysteries: as every governor has it at his own option to make himself fully acquainted with them by procuring his own adoption into the society. This it is which in most countries has gradually reconciled the supreme authorities to Masonic Societies, hard as the persecution was which they experienced at first. Princes and prelates made themselves brothers of the order as the condition of admission to the mysteries. And, think what they would of these mysteries in other respects, they found nothing in them which could justify any hostility on the part of the state.

In an examination of Masonic and Rosicrucian Societies the weightiest question is that which regards the nature of these mysteries. To this question we must seek for a key in the spirit of that age when the societies themselves originated. We shall thus learn, first of all, whether these societies do in reality cherish any mystery as the final object of their researches; and, secondly, perhaps we shall thus come to understand the extraordinary fact that the Rosicrucian and Masonic secret should not long ago have been betrayed, in spite of the treachery which we must suppose in a certain proportion of those who were parties to that secret in every age.

IV. *These orders have a general system of signs* (e.g., that of recognition) *usages, symbols, mythi, and festivals.* In this place it may be sufficient to say generally that even that part of the ritual and mythology which is already known to the public,* will be found to confirm the conclusions drawn from other historical data as to the origin and purpose of the institution: thus, for instance, we may be assured beforehand that the original Freemasons must have had some reason for appropriating to themselves the attributes and emblems of real handicraft Masons: which part of their ritual they are so far from concealing that in London they often parade on solemn occasions attired in full costume. As little can it be imagined that the selection of the feast of St. John (Midsummer-day) as their own chief festival, was at first arbitrary and without a significant import.

Of the *external* characteristics—or those which the society itself announces to the world—the main is the

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* We must not forget, however, that the Rosicrucian and Masonic orders were not originally at all points what they now are; they have passed through many changes and modifications; and no inconsiderable part of their symbolic system, etc., has been the product of suggestive generations.

public profession of beneficence; not to the brothers only, though of course to them more especially, but also to strangers. And it cannot be denied by those who are least favourably disposed to the order of Freemasons that many states in Europe, where lodges have formerly existed or do still exist, are indebted to them for the original establishment of many salutary institutions, having for their object the mitigation of human suffering. The other external characteristics are properly negative, and are these:—

I. *Masonry is compatible with every form of civil constitution;* which cosmo-political relation of the order to every mode and form of social arrangements has secured the possibility of its reception amongst all nations, however widely separated in policy and laws.

II. *It does not impose celibacy:* and this is the criterion that distinguishes it from the religious orders, and from many of the old knightly orders in which celibacy was an indispensable law, or still is so.

III. *It enjoins no peculiar dress* (except, indeed, in the official assemblages of the lodges, for the purpose of marking the different degrees), *no marks of distinction in the ordinary commerce of life and no abstinence from civil offices and business.* Here again is a remarkable distinction from the religious and knightly orders.

IV. *It grants to every member a full liberty to dissolve his connection with the order at any time, and without even acquainting the superiors of the lodge;* though of course he cannot release himself from the obligation of his vow of secrecy. Nay, even after many years of voluntary separation from the order, a return to it is always allowed. In the religious and knightly orders, the members have not the powers, excepting under certain circumstances, of leaving them; and, under *no* circumstances, of returning. This last was a politic regulation: for, whilst on one hand the society was sufficiently secured by the oath of secrecy, on the other hand by the easiness of the yoke which it imposed, it could the more readily attract members. A young man might enter the order; satisfy himself as to the advantages that were to be expected from it; and leave it upon further experience or any revolution in his own way of thinking.

In thus assigning the internal and external characteristics of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons, I have purposely said nothing of the distinctions between the two orders themselves: for this would have presupposed that historical inquiry which is now to follow. That the above characteristics, however, were common to both, is not to be doubted. Rosicrucianism, it is true, is not Freemasonry: but the latter borrowed its form from the first. He that gives himself out for a Rosicrucian, without knowing the general ritual of masonry, is unquestionably an impostor. Some peculiar sects there are which adopt certain follies and chimeras of the Rosicrucians (as gold-making); and to these he may belong; but a legitimate Rosicrucian, in the original sense and spirit of the order, he cannot be.

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CHAPTER II.

UPON THE EARLIEST HISTORICAL TRACES OF THE ROSICRUCIAN AND MASONIC ORDERS.

THE accredited records of these orders do not ascend beyond the last two centuries. On the other hand, it is alleged by many that they have existed for eighteen hundred years. He who adopts this latter hypothesis which even as an hypothesis seems to me scarcely endurable for a moment, is bound to show, in the first place, in what respect the deduction of these orders from modern history is at all unsatisfactory; and secondly, upon his own assumption of a far elder origin, to explain how it happened that for sixteen entire centuries no writers contemporary with the different periods of these orders have made any allusion to them. If he replies by alleging the secrecy of their proceedings, I rejoin that this might have secured their doctrines and mysteries from being divulged, but not the mere fact of their existence. My view of their origin will perhaps be granted with relation to Western Europe; but I shall be referred to the East for the *incunabula* of the order. At one time Greece, at another Egypt, or different countries of Asia, are alleged as the cradle of the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons. Let us take a cursory survey of the several hypotheses.

1. In the earlier records of GREECE we meet with nothing which bears any resemblance to these institutions but the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries. Here, however, the word *mysteries* implied not any occult problem or science

sought for, but simply sensuous* and dramatic representations of religious ideas—which could not otherwise be communicated to the people in the existing state of intellectual culture, and which (as often happens), having been once established, were afterwards retained in a more advanced state of the national mind. In the Grecian mysteries there were degrees of initiation amongst the members, but with purposes wholly distinct from those of the masonic degrees. The Grecian mysteries were not to be profaned; but *that* was on religious accounts. Lastly, the Grecian mysteries were a part of the popular religion acknowledged and authorised by the state. The whole resemblance, in short, rests upon nothing, and serves only to prove an utter ignorance of Grecian antiquities in those who have alleged it.†

2. Neither in the history of EGYPT is any trace to be found of the Rosicrucian and Masonic characteristics. It is true that the meaning of the Egyptian religious symbols and usages was kept secret from the people and from strangers; and in that sense Egypt may be said to have had mysteries; but these mysteries involved nothing more than the essential points of the popular religion.‡ As to the writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, they are now known to be spurious; and their pretensions could

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* The word *sensuous* is a Miltonic word; and is, moreover, a word that cannot be dispensed with.

† See the German essay of Meiners upon the Mysteries of the Ancients, especially the Eleusinian mysteries, in the third part of his Miscellaneous Philosophical Works. Collate with this the work of Ste. Croix, entitled *Mémoires pour servir à l' Histoire de la Réligion crête des anciens Peuples.* Paris: 1784.

‡ On the principle and meaning of the popular religion in Egypt and the hieroglyphics connected with it, consult Gatterer's essay *De Theogoniâ Aegyptiorum* in the 7th vol.—and his essay *Demetempsychosi,*

never have imposed upon any person who had examined them by the light of such knowledge as we still possess of the ancient Egyptian history and religion: indeed, the gross syncretism in these writings of Egyptian doctrines with those of the later Platonists too manifestly betrays them as a forgery from the schools of Alexandria. Forgery apart, however, the substance of the Hermetic writings disconnects them wholly from masonic objects: it consists of a romantic Theology and Theurgy; and the whole is very intelligible, and far from mysterious. What is true of these Hermetic books, is true *à fortiori* of all later writings that profess to deliver the traditional wisdom of ancient Egypt.

3. If we look to ancient CHALDÆA and PERSIA for the origin of these orders, we shall be as much disappointed. The vaunted knowledge of the Chaldæans extended only to Astrology, the interpretation of dreams, and the common arts of jugglers. As to the Persian Magi, as well before as after the introduction of the doctrine of Zoroaster, they were simply the depositaries of religious ideas and traditions, and the organs of the public worship. Moreover, they composed no secret order: but rather constituted the highest *caste* or rank in the nation, and were recognised by the government as an essential part of the body politic. In succeeding ages the religion of the Magi passed over to many great nations, and has supported itself up to our days. Anquetil du Perron has collected and published the holy

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immortalitatis animorum symbolo Aegyptio in the 9th vol. of the Göttingen Transactions. The path opened by Gatterer has been since pursued with success by Dornedden in his *Amenophis* and in his new theory for the explanation of the Grecian Mythology; 1802. Consult also Vogel's Essay on the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians and the Greeks. 4to. Nuremberg; 1793.

books in which it is contained. But no doctrine of the Zendavesta is presented as a mystery; nor could any of those doctrines, from their very nature, have been presented as such. Undoubtedly among the Rosicrucian titles of honour we find that of Magus: but with them it simply designates a man of rare knowledge in physics—*i.e.*, especially in Alchemy. That the ancient Magi in the age immediately before and after the birth of Christ, attempted the transmutation of metals, is highly improbable: that idea, there is reason to believe, first began to influence the course of chemical pursuits amongst the Arabian students of natural philosophy and medicine.

4. The pretensions of the DERVISHES and BRAHMINS of Asia, especially of Hindostan, to be the fathers of the two orders, need no examination, as they are still more groundless than those which have been just noticed.

5. A little before and after the birth of Christ there arose in Egypt and Palestine a Jewish religious sect, which split into two divisions—the ESSENES and the THERAPEUTÆ. Their history and an account of their principles may be found in Josephus, and more fully in Philo, who probably himself belonged to the Therapeutæ. The difference between the two sects consisted in this—that the Essenes looked upon practical morality and religion as the main business of life, whereas the Therapeutæ attached themselves more to philosophic speculations, and placed the essence of religion in the contemplation and reverence of the deity. They dwelt in hermitages, gardens, villages, and cottages, shunning the uproar of crowds and cities. With them arose the idea of monkish life, which has subsisted to this day, though it has received a mortal shock in our revolutionary times. To these two systems have been traced the Rosicrucians and Freemasons. Now, without

entering minutely into their history, it is sufficient for the overthrow of such an hypothesis to cite the following principles common to both the Essenes and the Therapeutæ. First, they rejected as morally unlawful all distinction of ranks in civil society. Secondly, they made no mystery of their doctrines. Thirdly, they admitted to their communion persons of either sex. Fourthly, though not peremptorily enjoining celibacy, they held it to be a more holy state than that of marriage. Fifthly, they disallowed of oaths. Sixthly, they had nothing symbolic in their worship or ritual. If it should be objected that the Freemasons talk much of the rebuilding of Solomon's Temple, and refer some of their legends to this speculation,—I answer that the Essenes and Therapeutæ either were Christians, or continued Jews until by little and little their sects expired. Now to the Christians the rebuilding of the Temple must have been an object of perfect indifference; and to the Jews it must have been an important object in the literal sense. But with the Freemasons it is a mere figure under which is represented the secret purpose of the society; why this image was selected will be satisfactorily accounted for further on.

6. The Arabs, who step forth upon the stage of history in the seventh century after Christ, have as little concern with the origin of these orders. They were originally a nomadic people that rapidly became a conquering nation not less from the weakness of their neighbours than their own courage and religious fanaticism. They advanced not less rapidly in their intellectual conquests; and these they owed chiefly to their Grecian masters, who had themselves at that time greatly degenerated from the refinement of their ancestors. The sciences in which the Arabs made original discoveries, and in which, next after the Greeks,

they have been the instructors of the moderns, were Mathematics, Astronomy, Astrology, Medicine, Materia Medica, and Chemistry. Now it is very possible that from the Arabs may have originally proceeded the conceit of physical mysteries without aid of magic, such as the art of gold-making, the invention of a panacea, the philosopher's stone, and other chimæras of alchemy which afterwards haunted the heads of the Rosicrucians and the elder Freemasons. But of Cabbalism and Theosophy, which occupied both sects in their early period, the Arabs as Mahometans could know nothing. And, if those sects had been derived from an Arabian stock, how comes it that at this day in most parts of Europe (and until lately everywhere) a Mahometan candidate would be rejected by both of them? And how comes it that in no Mahometan country at this time are there any remains of either?

In general, then, I affirm as a fact established upon historical research that, before the beginning of the seventeenth century, no traces are to be met with of the Rosicrucian or Masonic orders. And I challenge any antiquarian to contradict me. Of course I do not speak of individual and insulated Adepts, Cabbalists, Theosophists, etc., who doubtless existed much earlier. Nay, I do not deny that in elder writings mention is made of the *rose* and the *cross* as symbols of Alchemy and Cabbalism. Indeed, it is notorious that in the sixteenth century Martin Luther used both symbols on his seal; and many Protestant divines have imitated him in this. Semler, it is true, has brought together a great body of data from which he deduces the conclusion that the Rosicrucians were of very high antiquity.* But all of them prove nothing more than what I willingly concede: Alchemists, Cabbalists, and dealers in the Black Art, there were unquestionably before the seventeenth century; *but not Rosicrucians and Freemasons connected into a secret society and distinguished by those characteristics which I have assigned in the first chapter.*

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* See Solomon Semler's Impartial Collections for the history of the Rosicrucians. In Four Parts, 8vo. Leipzig: 1786-8.

One fact has been alleged from Ecclesiastical History as pointing to the order of Rosicrucians. In 1586 the *Militia crucifera evangelica* assembled at Lunenburg: the persons composing this body have been represented as Rosicrucians; but in fact they were nothing more than a Protestant sect heated by apocalyptic dreams; and the object of the assemblage appears to have been exclusively connected with religion. Our chief knowledge of it is derived from the work of Simon Studion, a mystic and Theosophist, entitled *Naometria*, and written about the year 1604. The author was born at Urach, a little town of Wirtemberg; in 1565 he received the degree of Master of Arts at Tübingen; and soon after settled at Marbach, not far from Louisberg, in the capacity of teacher. His labours in Alchemy brought him into great embarrassment; and his heretical novelties into all kinds of trouble. His Naometria,* which is a tissue of dreams and allegories relating to the cardinal events of the world and to the mysteries of Scripture, as well as of external nature from its creation to its impending destruction, contains a great deal of mysticism and prophecy about the rose and the cross. But the whole has a religious meaning ; and the *fundus* of his ideas and his imagery is manifestly the Apocalyse of St. John. Nor is there any passage or phrase in his work upon which an argument can be built for connecting him with the Rosicrucians which would not equally apply to Philo the Alexandrian, to John Picus of Mirandula, to Reuchlin, to George of Venice, to Francis Patrick, and to all other Cabbalists, Theosophists, Magicians, and Alchemists.

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* The full title of this unprinted and curious book is this: "NAOMETRIA, seu nuda et prima libri, intus et foris scripti, per clavem Davidis et calamum (virgæ similem) apertio; in quo non tantum ad cognoscenda tam S. Scripturæ totius, quam naturæ quoque universæ, mysteria, brevis fit introductio—verum etiam Prognosticus (stellæ illius matutinæ, Anno Domini 1572, conspectæ ductu) demonstratur Adventus ille Christi ante diem novissimum secundus per quem homine peccati (Papâ) cum filio suo perditionis (Mahometo) divinitus devastato, ipse ecclesiam suam et principatus mundi

Of the alleged connection between the Templars and the Rosicrucians, or more properly with the Freemasons,—which connection, if established, would undoubtedly assign a much earlier date to the origin of both orders,—I shall have occasion to speak in another part of my inquiry.

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restaurabit, ut in iis posthac sit cum ovili pastor unus. In *cruciferæ militæ Evangelicæ* gratiam. Authore Simone Studione inter Scorpiones. Anno 1604." An anonymous writer on the Rosicrucians in the Wirtemberg Magazine (No. 3, p. 523) and the learned Von Murr in his treatise upon the true origin of the Rosicrucians and Freemasons, printed at Salzbach in the year 1803, have confounded the word Naometria (Ναομετρια) *temple-measuring*, with Neometria (Νεομετρια) *New art of measuring*, as though Studion had written a new geometry. By the Temple, inner and outer, Studion means the Holy Scriptures and Nature—the liber intus et foris scriptus, of which St. John says in the Revelations—"I saw on the right of him who sat on the throne a book written within and without, and guarded with seven seals," etc.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH GAVE THE FIRST OCCASION TO THE RISE OF THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AND OF THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC RECORDS OF HISTORY WHICH RELATE TO IT.

TOWARDS the end of the sixteenth century,—Cabbalism, Theosophy, and Alchemy had overspread the whole of Western Europe, and especially of Germany. To this mania, which infected all classes—high and low, learned and unlearned—no writer had contributed so much as Theophrastus Paracelsus. How general was the diffusion, and how great the influence of the writings of this extraordinary man (for such, amidst all his follies, he must ever be accounted in the annals of the human mind), may be seen in the life of Jacob Behmen. Of the many Cabbalistic conceits drawn from the Prophetic books of the Old Testament, and still more from the Revelations, one of the principal and most interesting was this—that in the seventeenth century a great and general reformation was believed to be impending over the human race, as a necessary forerunner to the day of judgment. What connects this very general belief with the present inquiry is the circumstance of Paracelsus having represented the comet which appeared in 1572 as the sign and harbinger of the approaching revolution, and thus fixed upon it the expectation and desire of a world of fanatics. Another prophecy of Paracelsus, which created an equal interest, was, that soon after the decease of the Emperor Rudolph, there would be found three treasures that had never been revealed before that time. Now in the year 1610, or thereabouts, there were published simultaneously three books, the substance of which it is important in this place to examine, because these books, in a very strange way, led to the foundation of the Rosicrucian order as a distinct society.

The first is so far worthy of notice as it was connected with the two others, and furnished something like an introduction to them. It is entitled *Universal Reformation of the whole wide world*, and is a tale not without some wit and humour. The Seven Wise Men of Greece, together with M. Cato and Seneca, and a secretary named Mazzonius, are summoned to Delphi by Apollo at the desire of the Emperor Justinian, and there deliberate on the best mode of redressing human misery. All sorts of strange schemes are proposed. Thales advised to cut a hole in every man's breast and place a little window in it, by which means it would become possible to look into the heart, to detect hypocrisy and vice, and thus to extinguish it. Solon proposes an equal partition of all possessions and wealth. Chilo's opinion is—that the readiest way to the end in view would be to banish out of the world the two infamous and rascally metals, gold and silver. Kleobulus steps forward as the apologist of gold and silver, but thinks that iron ought to be prohibited, because in that case no more wars could be carried on amongst men. Pittacus insists upon more rigorous laws, which should make virtue and merit the sole passports to honour; to which, however, Periander objects that there had never been any scarcity of such laws, nor of princes to execute them, but scarcity enough of subjects conformable to good laws. The conceit of Bias is, that nations should be kept apart from each other, and each confined to its own home; and, for this purpose, that all bridges should be demolished, mountains rendered insurmountable, and navigation totally forbidden. Cato, who seems to be the wisest of the party, wishes that God in his mercy would be pleased to wash away all women from the earth by a new deluge, and at the same time to introduce some new arrangement for the continuation of the excellent male sex without female help.* Upon this pleasing and sensible proposal the whole company manifest the greatest displeasure, and deem it so abominable that they unanimously prostrate themselves on the ground and devoutly pray to God "that He would graciously vouchsafe to preserve the lovely race of women" (what absurdity !) "and to save the world from a second deluge." At length, after a long debate, the counsel of Seneca prevails ; which counsel is this—That out of all ranks a society should be composed having for its object the general welfare of mankind, and pursuing it in secret. This counsel is adopted : though without much hope on the part of the deputation, on account of the desperate condition of "the Age," who appears before them in person, and describes his own wretched state of health.

The second work gives an account of such a society as already established : this is the celebrated work entitled *Fama Fraternitatis of the meritorious order of the Rosy Cross, addressed to the learned in general, and the Governors*

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* In which wish he seems to have anticipated the Miltonic Adam —

"O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With Men, as Angels, without feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind." —P. L., Book X.

of Europe; and here we are presented with the following narrative:—Christian Rosycross, of noble descent, having upon his travels into the East and into Africa learned great mysteries from Arabians, Chaldeans, etc., upon his return to Germany established, in some place not mentioned, a secret society composed at first of four—afterwards of eight—members, who dwelt together in a building called the House of the Holy Ghost, erected by him: to these persons, under a vow of fidelity and secrecy, he communicated his mysteries. After they had been instructed, the society dispersed agreeably to their destination, with the exception of two members, who remained alternately with the founder. The rules of the order were these:—"The members were to cure the sick without fee or reward. No member to wear a peculiar habit, but to dress after the fashion of the country. On a certain day in every year all the members to assemble in the House of the Holy Ghost, or to account for their absence. Every member to appoint some person with the proper qualifications to succeed him at his own decease. The word *Rosy-Cross* to be their seal, watchword, and characteristic mark. The association to be kept unrevealed for a hundred years." Christian Rosycross died at the age of 106 years. His death was known to the society, but not his grave; for it was a maxim of the first Rosicrucians to conceal their burial-places even from each other. New masters were continually elected into the House of the Holy Ghost, and the society had now lasted 120 years. At the end of this period a door was discovered in the house, and upon the opening of this door a sepulchral vault. Upon the door was this inscription: One hundred and twenty years hence I shall open (*Post CXX. annos patebo*). The vault was a heptagon. Every side was five feet broad and eight feet high. It was illuminated by an artificial sun. In the centre was placed, instead of a grave-stone, a circular altar with a little plate of brass, whereon these words were inscribed: This grave, an abstract of the whole world, I made for myself while yet living (A. C. R. C. Hoc Universi compendium vivus mihi sepulchrum feci). About the margin was—To me Jesus is all in all Jesus mihi omnia). In the centre were four figures enclosed in a circle by this revolving legend: Nequaquam vacuum legis jugum. Libertas Evangelii. Dei gloria intacta. (The empty yoke of the law is made void. The liberty of the gospel. The unsullied glory of God.) Each of the seven sides of the vault had a door opening into a chest; which chest, besides the secret books of the order and the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, contained also mirrors—little bells—burning lamps—marvellous mechanisms of music, etc., all so contrived that, after the lapse of many centuries, if the whole order should have perished, it might be re-established by means of this vault. Under the altar, upon raising the brazen tablet, the brothers found the body of Rosycross, without taint or corruption. The right hand held a book written upon vellum with golden letters: this book, which is called T., has since become the most precious jewel of the society next after the Bible; and at the end stand subscribed the names of the eight brethren, arranged in two separate circles, who were present at the death and burial of Father Rosycross. Immediately after the above narrative follows a declaration of their mysteries, addressed by the society to the whole world. They profess themselves to be of the Protestant faith; that they honour the Emperor and the laws of the Empire; and that the art of gold-making is but a slight object with them, and a mere *πάρεργον*. The whole work ends with these words: "Our House of the Holy Ghost, though a hundred thousand men should have looked upon it, is yet destined to remain untouched, imperturbable, out of sight, and unrevealed to the whole godless world for ever."

The third book, which originally appeared in Latin with the title—*Confessio Fraternitatis Roseæ Crucis ad Eruditos Europæ*—contains nothing more than general explanations upon the object and spirit of the order. It is added that the order has different degrees; that not only princes, men of rank, rich men, and learned men, but also mean and inconsiderable persons are admitted to their communion, provided they have pure and disinterested purposes, and are able and willing to exert themselves for the ends of the institution; that the order has a peculiar language: that it is possessed of more gold and silver than the whole world beside could yield; that it is not this, however, but true philosophy, which is the object of their labours.

The first question which arises on these three works, the *Universal Reformation*—the *Fama Fraternitatis*—and the *Confessio Fraternitatis*,* is this; from what quarter do they proceed? The reputed author was John Valentine Andreä, a celebrated theologian of Wirtemberg, known also as a satirist and a poet, and in our days revived into notice by the late illustrious Herder. Others have disputed his claim to these works; and Burke has excluded them from his catalogue of Andreä's writings. I shall attempt, however, to prove that he was the true author. Andreä was born in 1586, at Herrenberg, a little town of Wirtemberg, and was the grandson of the Chancellor Jacob Andreä, so deservedly celebrated for his services to the church of Wirtemberg. From his father, the Abbot of Königsbronn, he received an excellent education, which his own extraordinary thirst for knowledge led him to turn to the best account. Besides Hebrew, Greek, and Latin (in which languages he was distinguished for the elegance of his style), he made himself master of the French, Italian, and Spanish: was well versed in Mathematics, Natural and Civil History, Geography, and Historical Genealogy, without at all neglecting his professional study of divinity. Very early in life he seems to have had a deep sense of the evils and abuses of the times—not so much the political abuses, as those in philosophy, morals, and religion. These it seems that he sought to redress by the agency of secret societies: on what motives and arguments, he has not told us in the record of his own life, which he left behind him in MS.* But the fact is certain: for as early as his sixteenth year he had written his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosy-cross*, his *Julius sive de Politia*, his *Condemnation of Astrology*,

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* The earliest edition of these works which I have seen is that of 1614, printed at Cassel, in 8vo, which is in the Wolfenbüttel library; but in this the *Confessio* is wanting. From a passage in this edition, it appears that the *Fama Fraternitatis* had been received in the Tyrol as early as 1610, in *manuscript*, as the passage alleges; but the words seem to imply that printed copies were in existence even before 1610. In the year 1615 appeared "Secretioris Philosophiæ Consideratio à Philippo à Gabella, Philosophiæ studioso, conscripta; et nunc primum unà cum Confessione Fraternitatis Ros. Crucis in lucem edita. Cassellis: excud. G. Wesselius, A. 1615." In the very same year, at Frankfurt-on-the-Mayne, was printed by John Berner, an edition of all the three works—the Confessio in a German translation. In this year also appeared a Dutch translation of all three; a copy of which is in the Göttingen library. The second Frankfurt edition was

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followed by a third in 1616, enlarged by the addition of some letters addressed to the brotherhood of the R. Cross. Other editions followed in the years immediately succeeding; but these it is unnecessary to notice. In the title-page of the third Frankfurt edition stands—*First printed at Cassel in the year* 1616. But the four first words apply to the original edition. The four last to this.

* This is written in Latin. A German translation will be found in the second book of Seybold's Autobiographies of Celebrated Men.

with other works of the same tendency. Between the years 1607 and 1612 Andreä travelled extensively in south and west Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy.* In the succeeding years he made short excursions almost annually: after the opening of the Thirty Years' War he still continued this practice; and in the very midst of that great storm of wretchedness and confusion which then swept over Germany, he exerted himself in a way which is truly astonishing to heal the "sorrow of the times," by establishing schools and religious worship—and by propagating the Lutheran faith through Bohemia, Moravia, Carinthia, etc. Even to this day his country owes to his restless activity and enlightened patriotism many great blessings. At Stuttgart, where he was at length appointed chaplain to the court, he met with so much thwarting and persecution, that, with his infirm constitution of body and dejection of mind from witnessing the desolation of Germany, it is not to be wondered that he became weary of life, and sank into deep despondency and misanthropy. In this condition he requested leave, in 1646, to resign his office; this was at first refused, with many testimonies of respect, by Eberhard, the then Duke of Wirtemberg; but on the urgent repetition of his request he was removed to the Abbey of Bebenhausen—and shortly afterwards was made Abbot of Adelberg. In the year 1654, after a long and painful sickness, he departed this life. On the day of his death he dictated a letter to his friend and benefactor, Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. He made an effort to sign it; wrote the two first letters of his name: and, in the act of writing the third, he expired. From a close review of his life and opinions, I am not only satisfied that Andreä wrote the three works which laid the foundation of Rosicrucianism, but I see clearly *why* he wrote them. The evils of Germany were then enormous; and the necessity of some great reform was universally admitted. As a young man without experience, Andreä imagined that this reform would be easily accomplished. He had the example of Luther before him, the heroic reformer of the preceding century, whose memory was yet fresh in Germany, and whose labours seemed on the point of perishing unless supported by corresponding efforts in the existing generation. To organise these efforts and direct them to proper objects, he projected a society composed of the noble, the intellectual, the enlightened, and the learned—which he hoped to see moving, as under the influence of one soul, towards the redressing of public evils. Under this hope it was that he travelled so much: seeking everywhere, no doubt, for the coadjutors and instruments of his designs. These designs he presented originally in the shape of a project for a Rosicrucian society; and in this particular project he intermingled some features that were at variance with its gravity and really elevated purposes. Young as he was at that time, Andreä knew that men of various tempers and characters could not be brought to co-operate steadily for any object so purely disinterested as the elevation of human nature: he therefore addressed them through the common foible of their age, by holding out promises of occult knowledge which should invest its possessor with authority over the powers of nature, should lengthen his life, or raise him from the dust of poverty to wealth and high station. In an age of Theosophy, Cabbalism, and

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* Travelling was not at that time so expensive for learned men as it now is. Many scholars travelled on the same plan as is now pursued by the journeymen artisans of Germany—exercising their professional knowledge at every stage of their journey, and thus gaining a respectable livelihood.

Alchemy, he knew that the popular ear would be caught by an account, issuing nobody knew whence, of a secret society that professed to be the depository of Oriental mysteries, and to have lasted for two centuries. Many would seek to connect themselves with such a society: from these candidates he might gradually select the members of the real society which he projected. The pretensions of the ostensible society were indeed illusions; but, before they could be detected as such by the new proselytes, those proselytes would become connected with himself, and (as he hoped moulded to nobler aspirations. On this view of Andreä's real intentions, we understand at once the ground of the contradictory language which he held about astrology and the transmutation of metals: his satirical works show that he looked through the follies of his age with a penetrating eye. He speaks with toleration then of these follies —as an exoteric concession to the age; he condemns them in his own esoteric character as a religious philosopher. Wishing to conciliate prejudices, he does not forbear to *bait* his schemes with these delusions: but he is careful to let us know that they are with his society mere *πάρεργα* or collateral pursuits, the direct and main one being true philosophy and religion. Meantime, in opposition to the claims of Andreä, it has been asked why he did not avow the three books as his own composition. I answer, that to have done so at first would have defeated the scheme. Afterwards he had still better reasons for disavowing them. In whatever way he meant to have published the works, it is clear that they were in fact printed without his consent. An uproar of hostility and suspicion followed the publication, which made it necessary for the author to lie hid. If he would not risk his own safety, and make it impossible for his projects to succeed under any other shape, the author was called on to disown them. Andreä did so: and, as a suspected person, he even joined in public the party of those who ridiculed the whole as a chimera.* More privately, however, and in his posthumous memoirs of himself, we find that he nowhere disavows the works. Indeed, the bare fact of his being confessedly the author of "The Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross" —a hero never before heard of—is alone sufficient to vindicate his claim. But further, if Andreä were not the author, who was? Heidegger, in his *Historio Vitæ Jo. Ludov. Fabricii*, maintains that Jung, the celebrated mathematician of Hamburg, founded the sect of Rosicrucians and wrote the *Fama*; but on what ground? Simply on the authority of Albert Fabricius, who reported the story in casual conversation as derived from a secretary of the court of Heidelberg. (See the Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensia 1698, page 172.) Others have brought forward a claim for Giles Gutmann, supported by no other argument than that he was a distinguished mystic in that age of mysticism.

Morhof (Polyhist. I. p. 131, ed. Lubecæ, 1732) has a remark which, if true, might leave Andreä in possession of the authorship, without therefore ascribing to him any influence in the formation of the Rosicrucian order: "Fuere," says he, "non priscis tantum seculis collegia talia occulta, sed et superiori seculo (*i.e.*, sexto-decimo) de Fraternitate Roseæ Crucis fama percrebuit." According to this remark, the order existed in the sixteenth century, that is, before the year 1600:* now, if so, the three books in question are not to be considered as an anticipation of the order, but as its history. Here, then, the question arises — Was the brotherhood of Rosicrucians, as described in these books, an historical matter of fact, or a romance? That it was a pure romantic fiction might be shown by arguments far more than I can admit. The *Universal Reformation* (the first of the three works) was borrowed from the "Generale Riforma dell' Universo dai sette Savii della Grecia e da altri Letterati, publicata di ordine di Apollo," which occurs in the *Raguaglio di Parnasso* of Boccalini. It is true that the earliest edition of the Raguaglio, which I have seen, bears the date of 1615 (*in Milano*); but there was an edition of the first *Centuria* in 1612. Indeed, Boccalini himself was cudgelled to death in 1613' (See *Mazzuchelli*—Scrittori d'Italia, vol. ii. p. iii. p. 1378). As to the *Fama*, which properly contains the pretended history of the order, it teems with internal arguments against itself. The House of the Holy Ghost exists for two centuries, and is seen by nobody. Father Rosycross dies, and none of the order even knew where he was buried; and yet afterwards it appears that eight brothers witnessed his death and his burial. He builds himself a magnificent sepulchre, with elaborate symbolic decorations; and yet for 120 years it remains undiscovered. The society offers its treasures and its mysteries to the world; and yet no reference to place or person is assigned to direct the inquiries of applicants.

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* In the midst of his ridicule, however, it is easy to discover the tone of a writer who is laughing not *with* the laughers but *at* them. Andreä laughed at those follies of the scheme which he well knew that the general folly of the age had compelled him to interweave with it against his own better judgment.

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* Which has been adopted by many of the learned: see Arnold's Hist. of the Church and of Heretics, book ii. p. 245. Bruckeri Hist. Crit. Philosophiæ, tom. iv. p. 735, sq. Nicolai on the charges against the Templars, part i. p. 164. Herder's Letters on Nicolai's work in the German Mercury for 1782.

Finally, to say nothing of the *Vocabularium* of Paracelsus, which must have been put in the grave before it existed, the Rosicrucians are said to be Protestants—though founded upwards of a century before the Reformation. In short, the fiction is monstrous, and betrays itself in every circumstance. Whosoever was its author must be looked upon as the founder in effect of the Rosicrucian order, inasmuch as this fiction was the accidental occasion of such an order's being really founded. That Andreä was that author I shall now prove by one argument: It is a presumptive argument, but in my opinion conclusive: *The armorial bearings of Andreä's family were a St. Andrew's cross and four roses.* By the order of the Rosy-cross, he means, therefore, an order founded by himself.*

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* Nicolai supposes that the *rose* was assumed as the symbol of secrecy, and the *cross* to express the solemnity of the oath by which the vow of secrecy was ratified. Such an allegoric meaning is not inconsistent with that which I have assigned, and may have been a secondary purpose of Andreä. Some authors have insisted on the words *Sub Umbra Alarum tuarum Jehova*—which stand at the end of the *Fama Fraternitatis*, as furnishing the inital letters of *Johannes Val Andrea, Stipendiata Tubingensis.* But on this I have not thought it necessary to lay much stress.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE IMMEDIATE RESULTS OF THE FAMA AND THE CONFESSIO IN GERMANY.

THE sensation which was produced throughout Germany by the works in question is sufficiently evidenced by the repeated editions of them which appeared between 1614 and 1617, but still more by the prodigious commotion which followed in the literary world. In the library at Göttingen there is a body of letters addressed to the imaginary order of Father Rosycross from 1614 to 1617, by persons offering themselves as members. These letters are filled with complimentary expressions and testimonies of the highest respect, and are all printed—the writers alleging that, being unacquainted with the address of the society (as well they might), they could not send them through any other than a public channel. As certificates of their qualifications, most of the candidates have enclosed specimens of their skill in alchemy and cabbalism. Some of the letters are signed with initials only, or with fictitious names, but assign real places of address. Many other literary persons there were at that day who forbore to write letters to the society, but threw out small pamphlets containing their opinions of the order, and of its place of residence. Each successive writer pretended to be better informed on that point than all his predecessors. Quarrels arose; partisans started up on all sides; the uproar and confusion became indescribable; cries of heresy and atheism resounded from every corner; some were for calling in the secular power; and the more coyly the invisible society retreated from the public advances, so much the more eager and amorous were its admirers—and so much the more bloodthirsty its antagonists. Meantime there were some who from the beginning had escaped the general delusion; and there were many who had gradually recovered from it. It was remarked that of the many printed letters to the society, though courteously and often learnedly written, none had been answered; and all attempts to penetrate the darkness in which the order was shrouded by its unknown memorialist were successfully baffled. Hence arose a suspicion that some bad designs lurked under the ostensible purposes of these mysterious publications: a suspicion which was naturally strengthened by what now began to follow. Many vile impostors arose, who gave themselves out for members of the Rosicrucian order; and upon the credit which they thus obtained for a season, cheated numbers of their money by alchemy—or of their health by panaceas. Three in particular made a great noise at Wetzlar, at Nuremberg, and at Augsburg: all were punished by the magistracy, one lost his ears in running the gauntlet, and one was hanged. At this crisis stepped forward a powerful writer, who attacked the supposed order with much scorn and homely good sense. This was Andrew Libau. He exposed the impracticability of the meditated reformation—the incredibility of the legend of Father Rosycross—and the hollowness of the pretended sciences which they professed. He pointed the attention of governments to the confusions which these impostures were producing, and predicted from them a renewal of the scenes which had attended the fanaticism of the Anabaptists. These writings (of which two were Latin, Frankfurt, 1615, folio—one in German, Erfurt, 1616, 8vo), added to others of the same tendency, would possibly have laid the storm by causing the suppression of all the Rosicrucian books and pretensions: but this termination of the *mania* was defeated by two circumstances: the first was the conduct of the Paracelsists. With frantic eagerness they had sought to press into the imaginary order: but, finding themselves lamentably repulsed in all their efforts, at length they paused; and, turning suddenly round, they said to one another—"What need to court this perverse order any longer? We are ourselves Rosicrucians as to all the essential marks laid down in the three books. We also are holy persons of great knowledge; we also make gold, or shall make it: we also, no doubt, give us but time, shall reform the world: external ceremonies are nothing: substantially it is clear that we are the Rosicrucian order." Upon this they went on in numerous books and pamphlets to assert that they were the identical order instituted by Father Rosycross and described in the *Fama Fraternitatis.* The public mind was now perfectly distracted; no man knew what to think; and the uproar became greater than ever. The other circumstance which defeated the tendency of Libau's exertions, was the conduct of Andreä and his friends. Clear it is that Andreä enjoyed the scene of confusion, until he began to be sensible that he had called up an apparition which it was beyond his art to lay. Well knowing that in all that great crowd of aspirants, who were knocking clamorously for admittance into the airy college of Father Rosycross, though one and all pretended to be enamoured of that mystic wisdom he had promised, yet by far the majority were in fact enamoured of that *gold* which he had hinted at—it is evident that his satirical* propensities were violently tickled: and he was willing to keep up the hubbub of delusion by flinging out a couple of pamphlets amongst the hungry crowd, which tended to amuse them. They were, 1. Epistola ad Reverendam Fraternitatem R. Crucis. Francof. 1613; 2. Assertio Fraternitatis R. C. à quodam Fratern. ejus Socio carmine expressa, Franc. 1614: which last was translated into German in 1616; and again, in 1618, into German rhyme, under the title of Ara Fœderis therapici, or Altar of the *Healing* Fraternity: (the most general abstraction of the pretensions made for the Rosicrucians being—that they healed both the body and the mind). All this, in a young man and a professed satirist, was natural and excusable. But in a few years Andreä was shocked to find that the delusion had taken firm root in the public mind. Of the many authors who wrote with a sincere design to countenance the notion of a pretended Rosicrucian society, I shall here mention a few of the most memorable:—1. A writer calling himself *Julianus à Campis* wrote expressly to account for the Rosicrucians not revealing themselves, and not answering the letters addressed to them. He was himself, he said, a member of the order; but in all his travels he had met but three other members, there being (as he presumed) no more persons on the earth worthy of being entrusted with its

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* I have no doubt that Andreä alludes to his own high diversion on this occasion in the following passage of a later work (*Mythologia Christiana*) which he printed at Strasburg in 1619. It is *Truth* (*die

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Alethia) who is speaking: "Planissime nihil cum hac Fraternitate (sc. Ros. Crucis) commune habeo. Nam, cùm paullo ante lusum quendam ingeniosiorem personatus aliquis (no doubt himself) in literario foro agere vellet—nihil mota sum libelis inter se conflictantibus; sed velut in scenâ prodeuntes histriones non sine voluptate spectavi."—Like *Miss in her Teens* (in the excellent farce of Garrick) who so much enjoys the prospect of a battle between her two lovers, Andreä—instead of calming the tumult which he had caused—was disposed at first to cry out to the angry polemics—"Stick him, Captain Flash; do,—stick him, Captain Flash."

mysteries. The Rosicrucian wisdom was to be more extensively diffused in future, but still not to be hawked about in market-places.—2. Julius Sperber of Anhalt-Dessau (according to common repute) wrote* the "Echo of the Divinely illuminated fraternity of the admirable order of the R.C." In this there is a passage which I recommend to the especial notice of Freemasons :—Having maintained the probability of the Rosicrucian pretensions on the ground that such *magnalia Dei* had from the creation downwards been confined to the keeping of a few individuals, agreeably to which he affirms that Adam was the first Rosicrucian of the Old Testament and Simeon the last, he goes on to ask whether the Gospel put an end to the secret tradition? By no means, he answers ; Christ established a new "college of magic" amongst his disciples, and the greater mysteries were revealed to St. John and St. Paul. In this passage, which I shall notice farther on, we find the Grand-Master, and the St. John of masonry.—3. Radtich Brotoffer was not so much a Cabbalist, like Julius Sperber, as an Alchemist. He understood the three Rosicrucian books not in a literal sense, but allegorically, as a description of the art of making gold and finding the Philosopher's stone. He even favoured the public with an interpretation of it ; so that both "*materia et præparatio lapidis aurei*" were laid bare to the profane. With this practical test of his own pretensions, it might have been supposed that Brotoffer would have exposed himself as an impostor ; but on the contrary his works sold well, and were several times reprinted.

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* This was printed at Dantzig in 1616. Nicolai, however, cites an edition printed in 1615. Whether Sperber was the author, is a point not quite settled. Katzauer, in his *Dissert. de Rosæcrucianis*, p. 38, takes him for the same person as Julianus à Campis : but from internal grounds this is very improbable.

—4. A far more important person in the history of Rosicrucianism was Michael Maier: he it was that first transplanted it into England, where (as we shall see) it led ultimately to more lasting effects than in Germany. He was born in Holstein, and was physician to the Emperor Rudolph II., who, being possessed by the mystical frenzy of the age, sent for him to Prague. In 1622 he died at Magdeburg, having previously travelled extensively, and particularly to England. His works are among the rarities of bibliography, and fetch very high prices. The first of them, which concerns our present inquiry, is that entitled *Jocus Severus; Francof.* 1617. It is addressed (in a dedication written on his road from England to Bohemia, " omnibus veræ chymiæ amantibus per Germaniam," and amongst them more especially "illi ordini adhuc *delitescenti*, at Famâ Fraternitatis et Confessione suâ admirandâ et probabili *manifestato.*" This work, it appears, had been written in England. On his return to Germany he became acquainted with the fierce controversy on the Rosicrucian sect; and as he firmly believed in the existence of such a sect, he sought to introduce himself to its notice: but finding this impossible, he set himself to establish such an order by his own efforts; and in his future writings he spoke of it as already existing—going so far even as to publish its laws which indeed had previously been done by the author of the *Echo*). From the principal work which he wrote on this subject, entitled *Silentium post clamores*,* I shall make an extract, because in this work it is that we meet with the first traces of Masonry. "Nature is yet but half unveiled. What we want is chiefly experiment and tentative inquiry. Great, therefore, are our obligations to the Rosicrucians for labouring to supply this want. Their weightiest mystery is a Universal Medicine. Such a Catholicon lies hid in nature. It is, however, no simple, but a very compound medicine. For out of the meanest pebbles and weeds, medicine, *and even gold*, is to be extracted." "He that doubts the existence of the R. C. should recollect that the Greeks, Egyptians, Arabians, etc., had such secret societies; where, then, is the absurdity in their existing at this day? Their maxims of self-discipline are these—To honour and fear God above all things; to do all the good in their power to their fellow-men:" and so on. "What is contained in the Fama and Confessio is true. It is a very childish objection that the brotherhood have promised so much and performed so little. With them, as elsewhere, many are called but few are chosen. The masters of the order hold out the rose as a remote prize, but they impose the cross on those who are entering."* "Like the Pythagoreans and Egyptians, the Rosicrucians exact vows of silence and secrecy. Ignorant men have treated the whole as a fiction; but this has arisen from the five years' probation to which they subject even well-qualified novices before they are admitted to the higher mysteries: within this period they are to learn how to govern their tongues." In the same year with this book he published a work of Robert Fludd's (with whom he had lived on friendly terms in England), *De vitâ, morte, et resurrectione.* Of other works, which he published afterwards, I shall here say nothing: neither shall I detain my reader with any account of his fellow-labourers in this path—Theophilus Schweighart of Constance, Josephus Stellatus, or Giles Gutmann. The books I have mentioned were enough to convince Andreä that his romance had succeeded in a way which he had never designed. The public had accredited the *charlatanerie* of his books, but gave no welcome to that for the sake of which this *charlatanerie* was adopted as a vehicle. The Alchemy had been approved, the moral and religious scheme slighted. And societies were forming even amongst the learned upon the basis of all that was false in the system, to the exclusion of all that was true. This was a spectacle which could no longer be viewed in the light of a joke: the folly was becoming too serious; and Andreä set himself to counteract it with all his powers. For this purpose he now published his *Chemical Nuptials of Christian Rosycross*, which he had written in 1601–2 (when only in his sixteenth year), but not printed. This is a comic romance of extraordinary talent, the covert purpose of it being a refined and delicate banter of the Pedants, Theosophists, Goldmakers, and Enthusiasts of every class with whom Germany at that time swarmed. In his former works he had treated the Paracelsists with forbearance, hoping by such treatment to have won them over to his own elevated designs: but in this they were invested with the cap and bells. Unfortunately for the purpose of Andreä, however, even this romance was swallowed by the public as true and serious history. Upon this, in the following year, he published a collection of satirical dialogues nnder the title of *Menippus; sive dial satyricorum centuria, inanitatum nostratium Speculum.* In this he more openly unveils his true design—revolution of method in the arts and sciences, and a general religious reformation.

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* Silentium post clamores, h. e. Tractatus Apologeticus, quo causæ non solum *Clamorum* (seu revelationem) Fraternitatis Germanicæ de R. C., sed et *Silenii* (seu non redditæ, ad singulorum vota responsionis) traduntur et demonstrantur. Autore Michaele Maiero, Imp. Consist. Comite, et Med. Doct. Francof. 1617.

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* Ecce innumeri adsunt ex vocatis, seseque offerunt: at non auduintur à magistras R. Crucis, qui rosas ostentant, at crucem exhibent. P. 77.

The efforts of Andreä were seconded by those of his friends, especially of Irenæus, Agnostus, and of Joh. Val. Alberti under the name of Menapius. Both wrote with great energy against the Rosicrucians: the former, indeed, from having ironically styled himself "an unworthy clerk of the Fraternity of the R. C.," has been classed by some learned writers on the Rosicrucians as one of that sect; but it is impossible to read his writings without detecting the lurking satire. Soon after these writers, a learned foreigner placed the Rosicrucian pretensions in a still more ludicrous light; this was the celebrated Thomas Campanella. In his work upon the Spanish Monarchy, which was translated into German, published, and universally read in Germany some time* before the original work appeared, the Italian philosopher—speaking of the follies of the age—thus expresses himself of the R. C.: "That the whole of Christendom teems with such heads (viz., Reformation jobbers) we have one proof more than was wanted in the Fraternity of the R. C. For scarcely was that absurdity hatched, when—notwithstanding it was many times declared to be nothing more than a *lusus ingenii nimium lascivientis*, a mere hoax of some man of wit troubled with a superfluity of youthful spirits—yet, because it dealt in reformations and in pretences to mystical arts, straightway from every country in Christendom pious and learned men, passively surrendering themselves dupes to this delusion, made offers of their good wishes and services; some by name; others anonymously, but constantly maintaining that the brothers of the R. C. could easily discover their names by Solomon's mirror or other cabbalistic means. Nay, to such a pass of absurdity did they advance, that they represented the first of the three Rosicrucian books (the *Universal Reformation*) as a high mystery, and expounded it in a chemical sense, as if it had contained a cryptical account of the art of gold-making, whereas it is nothing more than a literal translation, word for word, of the Parnasso of Boccalini." The effect of all this ridicule and satire was, that in Germany, as there is the best reason to believe, no regular lodge of Rosicrucians was ever established. *Des Cartes*, who had heard a great deal of talk about them in 1619, during his residence at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sought to connect himself with some lodge (for which he was afterwards exposed to the ridicule of his enemies); but the impossibility of finding any body of them formally connected together, and a perusal of the Rosicrucian writings, satisfied him in the end that no such order was in existence. Many years after, Leibnitz came to the same conclusion. He was actually connected in early life with a soi-disant society of the R. C. in Nuremberg; for even at this day there is obviously nothing to prevent any society in any place from assuming that or any other title: but that they were not connected traditionally with the alleged society of Father Rosycross, Leibnitz was convinced. "Il me paroit," says he, in a letter to a friend, published by Feller in the *Otium Hannoveranum* (p. 222), "il me paroit que tout ce, que l'on a dit des Freres de la Croix de la Rose, est une pure invention de quelque personne ingenieuse." And again, so late as the year 1696, he says in another letter—"Fratres Roseæ Crucis fictitios fuisse suspicor; quod et Helmontius mihi confirmavit." Adepts there were here and there, it is true, and even whole clubs of swindlers who called themselves Rosicrucians: thus Ludov. Conr. Orvius, in his *Occulta Philosophia, sive Cœlum sapientum et Vexatio*

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* It was published in 1620, at which time Campenella was confined in prison at Naples. The publishers had obtained the original copy, either from some traveller, or during their own residence in Italy.

stultorum, tells a lamentable tale of such a society, pretending to deduce themselves from Father Rosycross, who were settled at the Hague in 1622, and after swindling him out of his own and his wife's fortune, amounting to eleven thousand dollars, kicked him out of the order, with the assurance that they would murder him if he revealed their secrets: "which secrets," says he, "I have faithfully kept, and for the same reason that women keep secrets—viz., because I have none to reveal; for their knavery is no secret." There is a well-known story also in Voltaire's Diction. Philosoph., Art. *Alchimiste*, of a rogue who cheated the Duke of Bouillon of 40,000 dollars under the masque of Rosicrucianism. But these were cases for the police-office, and the gross impostures of jail-birds. As the aberration of learned men, and as a case for the satirist, Rosicrucianism received a shock from the writings of its accidental Father Andreä and others, such as in Germany* it never recovered.

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* In France it never had even a momentary success. It was met by the ridicule of P. Garasse and of Gabriel Naudé in his *Instruction à la France sur verité de l'histoire des Freres de la Rose-Croix:* Paris, 1623; and in *Le Mascurat*, a rare work, printed in 1624, and of which the second edition 1650 is still rarer. Independently of these works, France was at that time the rival of Italy in science, and had greatly the start of Germany and England in general illumination. She was thus sufficiently protected from such a delusion. Thus far Professor Buhle. But pace tuâ, worthy Professor, I—the translator of your book—affirm that France had *not* the start of England, nor wanted then or since the ignobler elements of credulity, as the History of Animal Magnetism and many other fantastic follies before *that* have sufficiently shown. But she has always wanted the nobler (*i.e.*, the imaginative) elements of credulity. On this account the French have always been an irreligious people. And the scheme of Father Rosycross was too much connected with religious feelings, and moved too much under a religious impulse, to recommend itself to the French. This reason apart, however, accident had much to do with the ill fortune of Rosicrucianism in France.

And hence it has happened that, whatever number there may have been of individual mystics calling themselves Rosicrucians, no collective body of Rosicrucians acting in conjunction was ever matured and actually established in Germany. In England the case was otherwise; for there, as I shall show, the order still subsists under a different name. But this will furnish matter for a separate chapter. Meantime, one word remains to be said of Andreä's labours with respect to the Rosicrucians. He was not content with opposing gravely and satirically the erroneous societies which learned men were attempting to found upon his own romance of the *Fama Fraternitatis*, but laboured more earnestly than ever to mature and to establish that genuine society for the propagation of truth, which has been the real though misinterpreted object of his romance, and indeed of his whole life. Such a society he lived to see accomplished: and in order to mark upon what foundation he placed all hopes of any great improvement in the condition of human nature, he called it by the name of *the Christian Fraternity*. This fact I have recorded, in order to complete the account of Andreä's history in relation to Rosicrucianism: but I shall not further pursue the history of *the Christian Fraternity*,* as it is no ways connected with the subject of the present inquiry.

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* See the *Invitatio Fraternitatis Christi ad Sacri amoris candidatos:* Argentur, 1617; the *Christianæ societatis idea:* Tubingæ, 1624; the *Veræ unionis in Christo Jesu specimen:* Norimb., 1628; and other works on the same subject. A list of the members composing this Christian Brotherhood, which continued its labours after Andreä's death, is still preserved.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE ORIGIN OF FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

Thus I have traced the history of Rosicrucianism from its birth in Germany; and have ended with showing that, from the energetic opposition and ridicule which it latterly incurred, no college or lodge of Rosicrucian brethren, professing occult knowledge, and communicating it under solemn forms and vows of secrecy, can be shown from historical records to have been ever established in Germany. I shall now undertake to prove that Rosicrucianism was transplanted to England, where it flourished under a new name, under which name it has been since re-exported to us in common with the other countries of Christendom. For I affirm, as the main thesis of my concluding labours, THAT FREEMASONRY IS NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN ROSICRUCIANISM AS MODIFIED BY THOSE WHO TRANSPLANTED IT TO ENGLAND.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century many learned heads in England were occupied with Theosophy, Cabbalism, and Alchemy: amongst the proofs of this (for many of which see the *Athenæ Oxonienses*) may be cited the works of John Pordage, of Norbert, of Thomas and Samuel Norton, but above all (in reference to our present inquiry), of Robert Fludd. Fludd it was, or whosoever was the author of the *Summum Bonum*, 1629, that must be considered as the immediate father of Freemasonry, as Andreä was its remote father. What was the particular occasion of his own first acquaintance with Rosicrucianism is not recorded; all the books of Alchemy or other occult knowledge, published in Germany, were at that time immediately carried over to England—provided they were written in Latin; and, if written in German, were soon translated for the benefit of English students. He may therefore have gained his knowledge immediately from the three Rosicrucian books. But it is more probable that he acquired his knowledge on this head from his friend Maier (mentioned in the preceding chapter), who was intimate with Fludd during his stay in England, and corresponded with him after he left it. At all events, he must have been initiated into Rosicrucianism at an early period, having published his *apology** for it in the year 1617. This indeed is denied to be his work, though ascribed to him in the title-page; but, be that as it may, it was at any rate the work of the same author who wrote the *Summum Bonum*,† being expressly claimed by him at p. 39. If not Fludd's, it was the work of a friend of Fludd's: and, as the name is of no importance, I shall continue to refer to it as Fludd's—having once apprised my reader that I mean by Fludd the author, be he who he may, of these two works. Now the first question which arises is this: for what reason did Fludd drop the name of Rosicrucians? The reason was briefly this: his apology for the Rosicrucians was attacked by the celebrated Father Mersenne. To this Fludd replied, under the name of Joachim Fritz, in two witty but coarse books, entitled *Summum Bonum*, and *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen;* in the first of which, to the question—"Where the Rosicrucians resided?" he replied thus—"In the houses of God, where Christ is the corner-stone;" and he explained the symbols of the Rose and Cross in a new sense, as meaning "the Cross sprinkled with the rosy blood of Christ." Mersenne being obviously no match for Fludd either in learning or polemic wit, Gassendi stepped forward into his place, and published (in 1630) an excellent rejoinder to Fludd in his *Excercitatio Epistolica*, which analysed and ridiculed the principles of Fludd in general, and in particular reproached him with his belief in the romantic legend of the Rosicrucians. Upon this, Fludd, finding himself hard pressed under his conscious inability to assign their place of abode, evades the question in his answer to Gassendi (published in 1633) by formally withdrawing the name *Rosicrucians:* for, having occasion to speak of them, he calls them "Fratres R. C. *olim sic dicti*, quos nos hodie Sapientes (Sophos) vocamus; *omisso illo nomine* (tanquam odioso miseris mortalibus velo ignorantiæ obductis) *et in oblivione hominum jam fere sepulto*." Here, then, we have the negative question answered—why and when they ceased to be called Rosicrucians. But now comes the second, or affirmative question—why and when they began to be called Freemasons. In 1633 we have seen that the old name was abolished; but as yet no new name was substituted; in default of such a name they were styled *ad interim* by the general term, *wise men*. This, however, being too vague an appellation for men who wished to form themselves into a separate and exclusive society, a new one was to be devised bearing a more special allusion to their characteristic objects. Now the immediate hint for the name Masons was derived from the legend, contained in the *Fama Fraternitatis*, of the "House of the Holy Ghost." Where and what was that house! This had been a subject of much speculation in Germany; and many had been simple enough to understand the expression of a literal house, and had inquired after it up and down the empire. But Andreä had himself made it impossible to understand it in any other than an allegoric sense, by describing it as a building that would remain "invisible to the godless world for ever." Theophilus Schweighart also had spoken of it thus: "It is a building," says he, "a great building, *carens fenestris et foribus*, a princely, nay an imperial palace, everywhere visible and yet not seen by the eyes of man." This building, in fact, represented the purpose or object of the Rosicrucians And what was that? It was the secret wisdom, or, in their language, *magic*—viz., 1. Philosophy of nature, or occult knowledge of the works of God; 2. Theology, or the occult knowledge of God himself; 3. Religion, or God's occult intercourse with the spirit of man, which they imagined to have been transmitted from Adam through the Cabbalists to themselves. But they distinguished between a carnal and a spiritual knowledge of this magic. The spiritual knowledge is the business of Christianity, and is symbolised by Christ himself as a rock, and as a building of which he is the head and the foundation. What rock, and what building? says Fludd. A spiritual rock, and a building of human nature, in which men are the stones and Christ the corner-stone.* But how shall stones move and arrange themselves into a building?

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* Tractatus apologeticus—integritatem Societatis de Roseâ Cruce defendens. Authore Roberto De Fluctibus, Anglo, M.D.L. Lugd. Bat. 1617.

† This work was disavowed by Fludd. But as the principles, the style, the animosity towards Mersenne, the publisher, and the year, were severally the same in this as in the *Sophiæ cum Moriâ certamen*, which Fludd acknowledged, there cannot be much reason to doubt that it was his. Consult the "Catalogue of some rare books" by G. Serpilius, No. II. p. 238.

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* Summum Bonum, p. 27. "Concludimus igitur quod Jesus sit templi humani lapis angularis; atque ita, ex mortuis, lapides vivi facti sunt homines pii; idque transmutatione reali ab Adami lapsi statu in statum suæ innocentiæ et perfectionis—*i.e.*, à vili et leprosâ plumbi conditione in auri purissimi perfectionem." Masonic readers

They must become living stones: "Transmutemini, transmutemini," says Fludd, "de lapidibus mortuis in lapides vivos philosophicos." But what is a living stone? A living stone is a *mason* who builds himself up into the wall as a part of the temple of human nature: "Viam hujusmodi transmutationis nos docet Apostolus, dum ait—Eadem mens sit in vobis quæ est in Jesu." In these passages we see the rise of the allegoric name *masons* upon the extinction of the former name. But Fludd expresses this allegory still more plainly elsewhere: "Denique," says he, "qualiter debent operari Fratres ad gemmæ istiusmodi (meaning *magic*) inquisitionem, nos docet pagina sacra:" how, then? "Nos docet Apostolus ad mysterii perfectionem vel sub Agricolæ, vel *Architecti*, typo pertingere;"—either under the image of a husbandman who cultivates a field, or of an architect who builds a house: and, had the former type been adopted, we should have had *Free-husbandmen* instead of Freemasons. Again, in another place, he says, "Atquæ sub istiusmodi *Architecti* typo nos monet propheta ut ædificemus domum Sapientiæ." The society was therefore to be a *masonic* society, in order to represent typically that temple of the Holy Spirit which it was their business to erect in the spirit of man. This temple was the abstract of the doctrine of Christ, who was the Grand-master: hence the light from the *East*, of which so much is said in Rosicrucian and Masonic books. St. John was the beloved disciple of Christ: hence the solemn celebration of his festival. Having, moreover, once adopted the attributes of masonry as the figurative expression of their objects,

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will remember a ceremony used on the introduction of a new member which turns upon this distinction between lead and gold as the symbol of transition from the lost state of Adam to the original condition of innocence and perfection.

they were led to attend more minutely to the legends and history of that art; and in these again they found an occult analogy with their own relations to the Christian wisdom. The first great event in the art of Masonry was the building of the Tower of Babel: this expressed figuratively the attempt of some unknown Mason to build up the temple of the Holy Ghost in anticipation of Christianity, which attempt, however, had been confounded by the vanity of the builders. The building of Solomon's Temple, the second great incident in the art, had an obvious meaning as a prefiguration of Christianity. Hiram,* simply the architect of this temple to the real professors of the art of building, was to the English Rosicrucians a type of Christ: and the legend of Masons, which represented this Hiram as having been murdered by his fellow-workmen, made the type still more striking. The two pillars, also, Jachin and Boaz† (strength and power), which are amongst the memorable singularities in Solomon's Temple, have an occult meaning to the Freemasons, which, however, I shall not undertake publicly to explain. This symbolic interest to the English Rosicrucians in the attributes, incidents, and legends of the art exercised by the literal Masons of real life, naturally brought the two orders into some connection with each other. They were thus enabled to realise to their eyes the symbols of their own allegories; and the same building which accommodated the guild of builders in their professional meetings offered a desirable means of secret assemblies to the early Freemasons. An apparatus of implements and utensils such as were presented in the fabulous sepulchre of Father Rosycross, were here actually brought together. And accordingly, it is upon record that the first formal and solemn lodge of Freemasons, on occasion of which the very name of Freemasons was first publicly made known, was held in Mason's Hall, Mason's Alley, Basinghall Street, London, in the year 1646. Into this lodge it was that Ashmole the Antiquary was admitted. Private meetings there may doubtless have been before; and once at Warrington (half-way between Liverpool and Manchester) is expressly mentioned in the life of Ashmole; but the name of a Freemason's Lodge, with all the insignia, attributes, and circumstances of a lodge, first came forward in the page of history on the occasion I have mentioned. It is perhaps in requital of the services at that time rendered in the loan of their hall, etc., that the guild of Masons as a body, and where they are not individually objectionable, enjoy a precedency of all orders of men in the right to admission, and pay only half fees. Ashmole, by the way, whom I have just mentioned as one of the earliest Freemasons, appears from his writings to have been a zealous Rosicrucian.* Other members of the lodge were Thomas Wharton, a physician, George Wharton, Oughtred the mathematician, Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Pearson the divine, and

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* The name of Hiram was understood by the elder Freemasons as an anagram: H. I. R. A. M. meant Homo Jesus Redemptor AnimaruM. Others explained the name Homo Jesus Rex Altissimus Mundi. Others added a C to the Hiram, in order to make it CHristus Jesus, etc.

† See the account of these pillars in the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 14-22, where it is said—"And there stood upon the pillars as it were *Roses*." Compare 2nd Book of Chron. iii. 17.

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* When Ashmole speaks of the antiquity of Freemasonry, he is to be understood either as confounding the order of philosophic masons with that of the handicraft masons (as many have done), or simply as speaking the language of Rosicrucians, who (as we have shown) carry up their traditional pretensions to Adam, as the first professsor of the

William Lily the principal astrologer of the day. All members, it must be observed, had annually assembled to hold a festival of astrologers *before* they were connected into a lodge bearing the title of Freemasons. This previous connection had no doubt paved the way for the latter.

I shall now sum up the results of my inquiry into the origin and nature of Freemasonry, and shall then conclude with a brief notice of one or two collateral questions growing out of popular errors on the main one.

I. The original Freemasons were a society that arose out of the Rosicrucian mania, certainly within the thirteen years from 1633 to 1646, and probably between 1633 and 1640. Their object was *magic* in the cabbalistic sense—*i.e.*, the *occult wisdom* transmitted from the beginning of the world, and matured by Christ; to communicate this when they had it, to search for it when they had it not: and both under an oath of secrecy.

II. This object of Freemasonry was represented under the form of Solomon's Temple—as a type of the true Church, whose corner-stone is Christ. This Temple is to be built of men, or living stones: and the true method and art of building with men it is the province of *magic* to teach. Hence it is that all the masonic symbols either refer to Solomon's Temple, or are figurative modes of expressing the ideas and doctrines of *magic* in the sense of the Rosicrucians, and their mystical predecessors in general.

III. The Freemasons having once adopted symbols, etc., from the art of masonry, to which they were led by the

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secret wisdom. In Florence, about the year 1512, there were two societies (the *Compagnia della Cazzuola* and the *Compagnia del Pajuolo*) who assumed the mason's hammer as their sign: but these were merely convivial clubs. See the life of J. F. Rustici in Vasari—*Vite dei Pittori*, etc. Roma: 1760, p. 76.

language of Scripture, went on to connect themselves in a certain degree with the order itself of handicraft masons, and adopted their distribution of members into apprentices, journeymen, and masters. Christ is the Grand-Master, and was put to death whilst laying the foundation of the temple of human nature.

IV. The Jews were particularly excluded from the original lodges of Freemasons as being the great enemies of the Grand-Master. For the same reason, in a less degree, were excluded Mahometans and Pagans. The reasons for excluding Roman Catholics were these :—First, the original Freemasons were Protestants in an age when Protestants were in the liveliest hostility to Papists, and in a country which had suffered deeply from Popish cruelty. They could not therefore be expected to view Popery with the languid eyes of modern indifference. Secondly, the Papists were excluded prudentially, on account of their intolerance: for it was a distinguishing feature of the Rosicrucians that *they* first * conceived the idea of a society which should act on the principle of religious toleration, wishing that nothing should interfere with the most extensive co-operation in their plans except such differences about the essentials of religion as must make all sincere co-operation impossible. This fact is so little known, and is so eminently honourable to the spirit of Freemasonry, that I shall trouble the reader with a longer quotation in proof of it than I should otherwise have allowed myself. Fludd, in his *Summum Bonum* (Epilog., p. 53), says:—

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* It is well known that until the latter end of the seventeenth century, all churches and the best men discountenanced the doctrine of religious toleration ; in fact, they rejected it with horror as a deliberate act of compromise with error: they were intolerant on principle, and persecuted on conscientious grounds. It is among the glories of Jeremy Taylor and Milton, that, in so intolerant an age, they fearlessly advocated the necessity of mutual toleration as a Christian duty. Jeremy Taylor, in particular, is generally supposed to have been the very earliest champion of toleration in his *Liberty of Prophecying*, first published in 1647 ; and the present Bishop of Calcutta has lately asserted in his life of that great man (prefixed to the collected edition of his works : 1822) that "The *Liberty of Prophecying* is the *first* attempt on record to conciliate the minds of Christians to the reception of a doctrine which was then by every sect alike regarded as a perilous and portentous novelty" (p. xxvii.): and again (at p. ccxi.) his lordship

> Quod, si quæratur cujus sint religionis—qui misticâ istâ Scripturarum interpretatione pollent—viz,, an Romanæ, Lutheranæ, Calvinianæ, etc.—vel habeantne ipsi religionem aliquam sibi ipsis peculiarem et ab aliis divisam? Facillimum erit ipsis respondere: Nam, cum omnes Christiani, cujuscunque religionis, tendant ad unam eandem metam (viz., ipsum Christum, qui est sola veritas), in hoc quidem unanimi consensu illæ omnes religiones conveniunt.—At verò, quatenus religiones istæ in ceremoniis Ecclesiæ externis, humanis nempe inventionibus (cujusmodi sunt habitus varii Monachorum et Pontificum, crucis adoratio, imaginum approbatio vel abnegatio, luminum de nocte accensio, et infinita alia) discrepare videntur,—hæ quidem disceptationes sunt *præter* essentiales veræ sapientæ mysticæ leges.

V. Freemasonry, as it honoured all forms of Christianity, deeming them approximations more or less remote to the ideal truth, so it abstracted from all forms of civil polity as alien from its own objects, which, according to their briefest

calls it "the *first* work, perhaps, since the earliest days of Christianity, to teach the art of differing harmlessly." Now, in the place where this assertion is made.—*i.e.*, in the life of Jeremy Taylor—perhaps it is virtually a just assertion: for it cannot affect the claims of Jeremy Taylor that he was anticipated by authors whom in all probability he never read: no doubt he owed the doctrine to his own comprehensive intellect and the Christian magnanimity of his nature. Yet, in a history of the doctrine itself, it should not be overlooked that the *Summum Bonum* preceded the *Liberty of Prophecying* by eighteen years.

expressions, are—1. The glory of God; 2. The service of men.

VI. There is nothing in the imagery, mythi, ritual, or purposes of the elder Freemasonry which may not be traced to the romances of Father Rosycross, as given in the *Fama Fraternitatis.*

CONCLUSION.

I. THAT the object of the elder Freemasons was not to build Lord Bacon's imaginary Temple of Solomon:—

This was one of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai: the House of Solomon, which Lord Bacon had sketched in his romantic fiction of the island of Bensalem (New Atlantis), Nicolai supposed that the elder Freemasons had sought to realise; and that forty years afterwards they had changed the Baconian house of Solomon into the spiritual type of Solomon's temple. Whoever has read the *New Atlantis* of Bacon, and is otherwise acquainted with the relations in which this great man stood to the literature of his own times, will discover in this romance a gigantic sketch from the hand of a mighty scientific intellect, that had soared far above his age, and sometimes, on the heights to which he had attained, indulged in a dream of what might be accomplished by a rich state under a wise governor for the advancement of the arts and sciences. This sketch, agreeably to the taste of his century, he delivered in the form of an allegory, and feigned an island of Bensalem, upon which a society, composed on his model, had existed for a thousand years under the name of Solomon's house; for the lawgiver of this island, who was also the founder of the society, had been indebted to Solomon for his wisdom.

The object of this society was the extension of physical science: on which account it was called the College of the Work of Six Days. Romance as all this was, it led to very beneficial results; for it occasioned in the end the establishment of the Royal Society of London, which for nearly two centuries has continued to merit immortal honour in the department of physics. Allegory, however, it contains none, except in its idea and name. The house of Solomon is neither more nor less than a great academy of learned men, authorised and supported by the state, and endowed with a liberality approaching to profusion for all purposes of experiment and research. Beneficence, education of the young, support of the sick, cosmopolitism, are not the objects of this institution. The society is divided into classes according to the different objects of their studies: but it has no higher nor lower degrees. None but learned men can be members; not, as in the masonic societies, every decent workman who is *sui juris.* Only the exoteric knowledge of nature, not the esoteric, is pursued by the house of Solomon. The book of the Six Days is studied as a book that lies open before every man's eyes; by the Freemasons it was studied as a mystery which was to be illuminated by the light out of the East. Had the Freemasons designed to represent or to imitate the house of Solomon in their society, they would certainly have adopted the forms, constitution, costume, and attributes of that house as described by Bacon. They would have exerted themselves to produce or to procure a philosophical apparatus such as that house is represented as possessing; or would at least have delineated this apparatus upon their carpets by way of symbols. But nothing of all this was ever done. No mile-deep cellars, no mile-high towers, no lakes, marshes, or fountains, no botanic or kitchen-gardens, no modelling-houses, perspective-houses, collections of minerals and jewels, etc., were ever formed by them, either literal or figurative. Universally the eldest Freemasonry was indifferent with respect to all profane sciences and all exoteric knowledge of nature. Its business was with a secret wisdom in which learned and unlearned were alike capable of initiation. And in fact the *exoterici*, at whose head Bacon stood, and who afterwards composed the Royal Society of London, were the antagonist party of the Theosophists, Cabbalists, and Alchemists, at the head of whom stood Fludd, and from whom Freemasonry took its rise.*

II. That the object of the elder Freemasons and the origin of the master's degree had no connection with the restoration of Charles II.

This is another of the hypotheses advanced by Nicolai, and not more happy than that which we have just examined. He postulates that the elder Freemasons pretended to no mystery; and the more so, because very soon after their first origin they were really engaged in a secret transaction, which made it in the highest degree necessary that their assemblies should wear no appearance of concealment, but should seem to be a plain and undisguised club of inquirers into natural philosophy. What was this secret transaction according to Mr. Nicolai? Nothing less than the restoration of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Charles II., to the throne of England. The members of the Masonic union, says he, were hostile to the parliament and to Cromwell, and friendly to the Royal family. After the death of Charles I. (1649) several people of rank united themselves with the Freemasons, because under this mask they could assemble and determine on their future measures. They found means to establish within this society a "secret conclave" which held meetings apart from the general meetings. This conclave adopted secret signs expressive of its grief for its murdered master, of its hope to revenge him on his murderers, and of its search for the lost word or logos (the son), and its design to re-establish him on his father's throne. As faithful adherents of the Royal family, whose head the Queen had now become, they called themselves *sons of the widow.* In this way a secret connection was established amongst all persons attached to the Royal family, as well in Great Britain and Ireland as in France and the Netherlands, which subsisted until after the death of Cromwell, and had the well-known issue for the royal cause. The analogies alleged by Nicolai between the historical events in the first period of Freemasonry and the symbols and mythi of the masonic degree of master are certainly very extraordinary; and one might easily be led to suppose that the higher object of masonry had passed into a political object, and that the present master's degree was nothing more than a figurative memorial of this event. Meantime, the weightiest historical reasons are so entirely opposed to this hypothesis, that it must evidently be pronounced a mere conceit of Mr. Nicolai's:—

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* There is besides in this hypothesis of Nicolai's a complete confusion of the *end* of the society with the *persons* composing it. The Freemasons wished to build the Temple of Solomon. But Lord Bacon's House of Solomon did not typify the *object* of his society: it was simply the *name* of it, and means no more than what is understood at present by an academy, *i.e.*, a circle of learned men united for a common purpose. It would be just as absurd to say of the Academicians of Berlin—not that they composed or formed an Academy—but that they proposed, as their secret object, to build one.

1. *History mentions nothing at all of any participation of the Freemasons in the transactions of those times.* We

have the most accurate and minute accounts of all the other political parties—the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Levellers, etc., etc.: but no historian of this period has so much as mentioned the Freemasons. Is it credible that a society, which is represented as the centre of the counter-revolutionary faction, should have escaped the jealous eye of Cromwell, who had brought the system of *espionage* to perfection, and who carried his vigilance so far as to seize the *Oceana* of Harrington at the press? He must have been well assured that Freemasonry was harmless; or he would not have wanted means to destroy it with all its pretensions and mysteries. Moreover, it is a pure fancy of Nicolai's that the elder Freemasons were all favourably disposed to the Royal cause. English clubs, I admit, are accustomed to harmonise in their political principles: but the society of Freemasons, whose true object abstracted from all politics, must have made an exception to this rule then, as certainly as they do now.

2. *The masonic degree of master, and indeed Freemasonry in general, is in direct contradiction to this hypothesis of Nicolai.* It must be granted to me by those who maintain this hypothesis that the order of the Freemasons had attained some consistence in 1646 (in which year Ashmole was admitted a member), consequently about three years before the execution of Charles I. It follows, therefore, upon this hypothesis, that it must have existed for some years without any ground or object of its existence. It pretended as yet to no mystery, according to Nicolai (though I have shown that at its very earliest formation it made such a pretension); it pursued neither science, art, nor trade: social pleasure was not its object: it "masoned" mysteriously with closed doors in its hall at London; and no man can guess at *what* it "masoned." It constituted a

"mystery" (a guild)—with this contradiction *in adjecto*, that it consisted not of masters, journeymen, and apprentices; for the master's degree, according to Nicolai, was first devised by the conclave after the execution of Charles I. Thus far the inconsistencies of this hypothesis are palpable: but in what follows it will appear that there are still more striking ones. For, if the master's degree arose first after the execution of Charles I., and symbolically imported vengeance on the murderers of their master and restoration of his son to the royal dignity, in that case during the two Protectorates, and for a long time after the abdication of Richard, the mythus connected with that degree might indeed have spoken of a murdered master, but not also (as it does) of a master risen again, living, and triumphant: for as yet matters had not been brought thus far. If to this it be replied that perhaps in fact the case was really so, and that the mythus of the restored master might have been added to that of the slain master after the Restoration, there will be still this difficulty, that in the masonic mythus the two masters are one and the same person who is first slain and then restored to life; yet Charles I., who was slain, did not arise again from the dead; and Charles II., though he was restored to his throne, was yet never slain—and therefore could not even metaphorically be said to rise again.* Suiting therefore to neither of these kings, the mythus of the masonic master's degree does not adapt itself to this part of history. Besides, as Herder has justly remarked, what a childish part would the Freemasons be playing *after* the Restoration! With this event their object was accomplished: to what purpose then any further mysteries? The very ground of the mysteries had thus fallen away; and, according to all analogy of experience, the mysteries themselves should have ceased at the same time.

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* Begging Professor Buhle's pardon, he is wrong in this particular argument—though no doubt right in the main point he is urging against Nicolai: the mere passion of the case would very naturally express the identity of interest in any father and son by attributing identity to their persons, as though the father lived again and triumphed in the triumph of his son. But in the case of an English king, who never dies *quoad* his office, there is not only a pathos but a philosophic accuracy and fidelity to the constitutional doctrine in this way of symbolising the story.

But the Freemasons called themselves at that time *Sons of the Widow* (*i.e.*, as it is alleged, of Henrietta Maria, the wife of the murdered king); and they were in search of the lost word (the Prince of Wales). This, it is argued, has too near an agreement with the history of that period to be altogether a fiction. I answer that we must not allow ourselves to be duped by specious resemblances. The elder Freemasons called themselves *Sons of the Widow*, because the working masons called and still call themselves by that name agreeably to their legend. In the 1st Book of Kings, vii. 13, are these words:—"And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram of Tyre, a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali." Hiram, therefore, the eldest mason of whom anything is known, was a widow's son. Hence, therefore, the masons of the seventeenth century, who were familiar with the Bible, styled themselves, in memory of their founder, *Sons of the Widow;* and the Freemasons borrowed this designation from them as they did the rest of their external constitution. Moreover, the masonic expression, *Sons of the Widow*, has the closest connection with the building of Solomon's Temple.

Just as little did the Freemasons mean, by *the lost word* which they sought, the Prince of Wales. That great personage was not lost, so that there could be no occasion for seeking him. The Royal party knew as well where he was to be found as in our days the French Royalists have always known the residence of the emigrant Bourbons. The question was not—where to find him, but how to replace him on his throne. Besides, though a most majestic person in his political relations, a Prince of Wales makes no especial pretensions to sanctity of character: and familiar as scriptural allusions were in that age, I doubt whether he could have been denominated *the logos* or *word* without offence to the scrupulous austerity of that age in matters of religion. What was it then that the Freemasons really *did* mean by the lost word? Manifestly the masonic mystery itself, the secret wisdom delivered to us under a figurative veil through Moses, Solomon, the Prophets, the Grand-Master Christ, and his confidential disciples. Briefly, they meant the lost word of God in the Cabbalistic sense; and therefore it was that long *after* the Restoration they continued to seek it, and are still seeking it to this day.

III. That Cromwell was not the founder of Freemasonry:

As Nicolai has chosen to represent the elder Freemasons as zealous Royalists, so on the contrary others have thought fit to describe them as furious Democrats. According to this fiction, Cromwell, with some confidential friends (*e.g.*, Ireton, Algernon Sidney, Neville, Martin Wildman, Harrington, etc.) founded the order in 1645—ostensibly, on the part of Cromwell, for the purpose of reconciling the contending parties in religion and politics, but really with a view to his own ambitious projects. To this statement I oppose the following arguments:

First, it contradicts the internal character and spirit of Freemasonry — which is free from all political tendency, and is wholly unintelligible on this hypothesis.

Secondly, though it is unquestionable that Cromwell established and supported many secret connections, yet the best English historians record nothing of any connection which he had with the Freemasons. *Divide et impera* was the Machiavellian maxim which Cromwell derived, not from Machiavel, but from his own native political sagacity ; and with such an object before him it is very little likely that he would have sought to connect himself with a society that aims at a general harmony amongst men.

Thirdly, how came it—if the order of Freemasons were the instrument of the Cromwellian revolution—that the Royalists did not exert themselves after the restoration of Charles II. to suppress it ?

But the fact is, that this origin of Freemasonry has been forged for the purpose of making it hateful and an object of suspicion to monarchical states. See, for example, "The Freemasons Annihilated, or Prosecution of the detected Order of Freemasons," Frankfort and Leipzic, 1746. The first part of this work, which is a translation from the French, appeared under the title of "Freemasonry exposed," etc., Leipz. 1745.

IV. That the Scotch degree, as it is called, did not arise from the intrigues for the restoration of Charles II. :—

I have no intention to enter upon the tangled web of the modern higher masonry ; though, from an impartial study of the historical documents, I could perhaps bring more light, order, and connection into this subject than at present it exhibits. Many personal considerations move me to let the curtain drop on the history of the modern higher masonry, or at most to allow myself only a few general hints, which may be pursued by those amongst my readers who may be interested in such a research. One only of the higher masonic degrees—viz., the Scotch degree, which is the most familiarly known, and is adopted by most lodges, I must notice more circumstantially—because, upon some statements which have been made, it might seem to have been connected with the elder Freemasonry. Nicolai's account of this matter is as follows :—

" After the death of Cromwell and the deposition of his son, the government of England fell into the hands of a violent but weak and disunited faction. In such hands, as every patriot saw, the government could not be durable ; and the sole means for delivering the country was to restore the kingly authority. But in this there was the greatest difficulty; for the principal officers of the army in England, though otherwise in disagreement with each other, were yet unanimous in their hostility to the king. Under these circumstances the eyes of all parties were turned upon the English army in Scotland, at that time under the command of Monk, who was privately well affected to the Royal cause; and the secret society of the king's friends in London, who placed all their hopes on him, saw the necessity in such a critical period of going warily and mysteriously to work. It strengthened their sense of this necessity—that one of their own members, Sir Richard Willis, became suspected of treachery; and therefore out of the bosom of their 'secret conclave' (the masonic master's degree) they resolved to form a still narrower conclave to whom the Scotch—*i.e.*, the most secret—affairs should be confided. They chose new symbols adapted to their own extremely critical situation. These symbols imported that, in the business of this interior conclave, wisdom—obedience—courage—self-sacrifice—and moderation were necessary. Their motto was—*Wisdom above thee.* For greater security they altered their signs, and reminded each other in their tottering condition not to stumble and—*break the arm.*"

I do not deny that there is much plausibility in this hypothesis of Nicolai's : but upon examination it will appear that it is all pure delusion, without any basis of historical truth.

1. Its validity rests upon the previous assumption that the interpretation of the master's degree, as connected with the political interests of the Stuarts, between the death of Charles I. and the restoration of his son, is correct: it is therefore a *petitio principii;* and what is the value of the *principium*, we have already seen.

2. Of any participation on the part of a secret society of Freemasons in the counsels and expedition of General Monk —history tells us absolutely nothing. Even Skinner preserves a profound silence on this head. Now, if the facts were so, to suppose that this accurate biographer should not have known it—is absurd: and, knowing it, that he should designedly suppress a fact so curious and so honourable to the Freemasons amongst the Royal party—is inexplicable.

3. Nicolai himself maintains, and even proves, that Monk was not himself a Freemason. In what way then could the society gain any influence over his measures? My sagacious friend justly applauds the politic mistrust of Monk (who would not confide his intentions even to his own brother), his secrecy, and the mysterious wisdom of his conduct; and in the very same breath he describes him as surrendering himself to the guidance of a society with which he was not even connected as a member. How is all this to be reconciled?

Undoubtedly there existed at that time in London a secret party of Royalists—known in history under the name of the Secret Conclave; but we are acquainted with its members, and there were but some few Freemasons amongst them. Nicolai alleges the testimony of Ramsay—"that the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne was first concerted in a society of Freemasons, because

General Monk was a member of it." But in this assertion of Ramsay's there is at any rate one manifest untruth on Nicolai's own showing; for Monk, according to Nicolai, was not a Freemason. The man who begins by such an error in his premises must naturally err in his conclusions.*

4. The Scotch degree—nay, the very name of Scotch masonry—does not once come forward in the elder Freemasonry throughout the whole of the seventeenth century, as it must inevitably have done if it had borne any relation to the restoration of Charles II. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the Scotch degree was known even in Scotland or in England before the third decennium of the eighteenth century.

But how then did this degree arise? What is its meaning and object? The answer to these questions does not belong to this place. It is enough on the present occasion to have shown how it did *not* arise, and what were *not* its meaning and object. I am here treating of the origin and history of the elder and legitimate masonry, not of an indecent pretender who crept at a later period into the order, and, by the side of the Lion—the Pelican—and the Dove, introduced the Ape and the Fox.

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* Andrew Michael Ramsay was a Scotchman by birth, but lived chiefly in France, where he became a Catholic, and is well known as the author of "The Travels of Cyrus," and other works. His dissertation on the Freemasons contains the old legend that Freemasonry dated its origin from a guild of working masons, who resided during the crusades in the Holy Land for the purpose of rebuilding the Christian churches destroyed by the Saracens, and were afterwards summoned by a king of England to his dominions. As tutor to the two sons of the Pretender, for whose use he wrote "The Travels of Cyrus," Ramsay is a distinguished person in the history of the later Freemasonry. Of all that part of its history which lay half-a-century before his own time, he was, however, very ill-informed. On this he gives us nothing but the cant of the later English lodges, who had lost the kernel in the shell—the original essence and object of masonry in its form—as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century.

V. The Freemasons are not derived from the order of the Knights Templars :—

No hypothesis upon the origin and primitive tendency of the Freemasons has obtained more credit in modern times than this—That they were derived from the order of Knights Templars, so cruelly persecuted and ruined under Pope Clement V. and Philip the Fair of France, and had no other secret purpose on their first appearance than the re-establishment of that injured order. So much influence has this opinion had in France that in the first half of the eighteenth century it led to the amalgamation of the external forms and ritual of the Templars with those of the Freemasons; and some of the higher degrees of French masonry have undoubtedly proceeded from this amalgamation. In Germany it was Lessing, who, if not first, yet chiefly, gave to the learned world an interest in this hypothesis by some allusions to it scattered through his masterly dialogues for Freemasons. With many it became a favourite hypothesis; for it assigned an honourable origin to the Masonic order, and flattered the vanity of its members. The Templars were one of the most celebrated knightly orders during the crusades: their whole Institution, Acts, and Tragical Fate are attractive to the feelings and the fancy: how natural, therefore, it was that the modern masons should seize with enthusiasm upon the conjectures thrown out by Lessing. Some modern English writers have also adopted this mode of explaining the origin of Freemasonry; not so much on the authority of any historical documents, as because they found in the French lodges degrees which had a manifest reference to the Templar institutions, and which they naturally attributed to the elder Freemasonry, being ignorant that they had been purposely introduced at a later period to serve an hypothesis: in fact, the French degrees had been originally derived from the hypothesis; and now the hypothesis was in turn derived from the French degrees. If in all this there were any word of truth, it would follow that I had written this whole book of 418 pages to no purpose: and what a shocking thing would that be! Knowing therefore the importance to myself of this question, it may be presumed that I have examined it not negligently, before I ventured to bring forward my own deduction of the Freemasons from the Rosicrucians. This is not the place for a full critique upon all the idle prattle about the Templars and the Freemasons: but an impartial review of the arguments for and against the Templar hypothesis may reasonably be demanded of me as a negative attestation of my own hypothesis. In doing this I must presume in my reader a general acquaintance with the constitution and history of the Templars, which it will be very easy for any one not already in possession of it to gain.

1. It is alleged that the masonic mystical allegory represented nothing else in its capital features than the persecution and overthrow of the Templars, especially the dreadful death of the innocent Grand-Master, James Burg de Mollay. Some knights, together with Aumont, it is said, made their escape in the dress of masons to Scotland; and, for the sake of disguise, exercised the trade of masons. This was the reason that they adopted symbols from that trade; and, to avoid detection, gave them the semblance of moral purposes. They called themselves *Franc Maçons*, as well in memory of the Templars who in Palestine were always called Francs by the Saracens, as with a view to distinguish themselves from the common working masons. The Temple

of Solomon, which they professed to build, together with all the masonic attributes, pointed collectively to the grand purpose of the society—the restoration of the Templar order. At first the society was confined to the descendants of its founders: but within the last 150 years the Scotch masters have communicated their hereditary right to others in order to extend their own power; and from this period, it is said, begins the *public* history of Freemasonry. See "The Use and Abuse of Freemasonry, by Captain George Smith, Inspector of the Royal Military School at Woolwich, etc., etc., London 1783." See also, "Scotch Masonry compared with the three Vows of the Order, and with the Mystery of the Knights Templars: from the French of Nicholas de Bonneville."

Such is the legend, which is afterwards supported by the general analogy between the ritual and external characteristics of both orders. The *three* degrees of masonry (the holy masonic number) are compared with the triple office of general amongst the Templars. The masonic dress is alleged to be copied from that of the Templars. The signs of Freemasonry are the same with those used in Palestine by the Templars. The rites of initiation, as practised on the admission of a novice, especially on admission to the master's degree, and the symbolic object of this very degree, are all connected with the persecution of the Templars, with the trial of the knights, and the execution of the Grand-Master. To this Grand-Master (*J*ames *B*urg) the letters I and B, which no longer mean Jachin and Boaz, are said to point. Even the holiest masonic name of Hiram has no other allusion than to the murdered Grand-Master of the Templars. With regard to these analogies in general, it may be sufficient to say that some of them are accidental—some very forced and far-sought—and some altogether fictitious. Thus, for instance, it is said that the name *Franc Maçon* was chosen in allusion to the connection of the Templars with Palestine. And thus we are required to believe that the eldest Freemasons of Great Britain styled themselves at first Frank Masons: as if this had any warrant from history: or, supposing even that it had, as if a name adopted on such a ground could ever have been dropped. The simple fact is—that the French were the people who first introduced the seeming allusion to Franks by translating the English name *Freemason* into *Franc Maçon;* which they did because the world *libre* would not so easily blend into composition with the word Maçon. So also the late Mr. Von Born, having occasion to express the word Freemasons in Latin, rendered it Franco-murarii. Not to detain the reader, however, with a separate examination of each particular allegation, I will content myself with observing that the capital mythus of the masonic master's degree tallies but in one-half with the execution of the Grand-Master of the Templars, or even of the Sub-Prior of Montfaucon (Charles de Monte Carmel). The Grand-Master was indeed murdered, as the Grand-Master of the Freemasons is described to have been; but not, as the latter, by treacherous journeymen: moreover, the latter rose from the grave, still lives, and triumphs; which will hardly be said of James Burg de Mollay. Two arguments, however, remain to be noticed, both out of respect to the literary eminence of those who have alleged them, and also because they seem intrinsically of some weight.

2. The English word *masonry.* This word, or (as it ought in that case to be written) the word *masony,* is derived, according to Lessing, from the Anglo-Saxon word *massoney*—a secret commensal society; which last word again comes from *mase,* a table. Such table societies and

compotuses were very common amongst our forefathers—especially amongst the princes and knights of the middle ages; the weightiest affairs where there transacted, and peculiar buildings were appropriated to their use. In particular, the *masonies* of the Knights Templars were highly celebrated in the thirteenth century. One of them was still subsisting in London at the end of the seventeenth century—at which period, according to Lessing, the public history of the Freemasons first commences. This society had its house of meeting near St. Paul's Cathedral, which was then rebuilding. Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was one of its members. For thirty years, during the building of the cathedral, he continued to frequent it. From this circumstance the people, who had forgotten the true meaning of the word *massoney*, took it for a society of architects with whom Sir Christopher consulted on any difficulties which arose in the progress of the work. This mistake Wren turned to account. He had formerly assisted in planning a society which should make speculative truths more useful for purposes of common life. The very converse of this idea now occurred to him—viz., the idea of a society which should raise itself from the praxis of civil life to speculation. "In the former," thought he, "would be examined all that was useful amongst the true; in this, all that is true amongst the useful. How if I should make some principles of the *masonry* exoteric? How if I should disguise that which cannot be made exoteric under the hieroglyphics and symbols of *masonry*, as the people pronounce the word; and extend this masonry into a Freemasonry, in which all may take a share?" In this way, according to Lessing, did Wren scheme; and in this way did Fremasonry arise. Afterwards, however, from a conversation which he had with Nicolai, it appears that

Lessing had thus far changed his first opinion (as given in the *Ernst und Falk*) that he no longer supposed Sir Christopher simply to have modified a *massoney*, or society of Knights Templars, which had subsisted secretly for many centuries, and to have translated their doctrines into an exoteric shape, but rather to have himself first established such *massoney*—upon some basis of analogy, however, with the elder *massoneys*.

To an attentive examiner of this conjecture of Lessing's, it will appear that it rests entirely upon the presumed identity of meaning between the word *massoney* and the word *masony* (or masonry as it afterwards became, according to the allegation, through a popular mistake of the meaning). But the very meaning and etymology ascribed to *massoney*—(viz., a secret club or *compotus*, from *mase*, a table)—are open to much doubt. Nicolai, a friend of Lessing's, professes as little to know any authority for such an explanation as myself, and is disposed to derive the word *massoney* from *massonya*, which in the Latin of the middle ages meant first a club (*clava*, in French *massue*): secondly, a key (*clavis*), and a secret society (a club). For my part I think both the etymologies false. *Massoney* is doubtless originally the same word with *maison* and *magione;* and the primitive etymon of all three words is clearly the Latin word *mansio*, in the sense of the middle ages. It means simply a residence or place of abode, and was naturally applied to the dwelling-house of the Templars. Their meetings were held *in mansione Templariorum—i.e.*, in the massoney of the Templars. On the suppression of the order, their buildings still remained, and preserved the names of temples, templar mansions, etc., just as at this day we find many *convents* in Hanover, though they are no longer occupied by monks or nuns; and in Italy there are even yet churches to be found which are denominated *de la Mason*, which Paciaudi properly explains by *della Magione*—these churches having been attached to the dwellings of the Knights Templars. It is therefore very possible that a Templar *massoney* may have subsisted in London, in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Church, up to the end of the seventeenth century. Some notice of such a fact Lessing perhaps stumbled on in the course of his reading. He mistook the building for a secret society of Templars that still retained a traditional knowledge of the principles peculiar to the ancient order of Knights Templars; next he found that Sir Christopher Wren had been a frequenter of this *massoney*. He therefore was a Knight Templar, but he was also an architect; and by him the Templar doctrines had been moulded into a symbolic conformity with his own art, and had been fitted for diffusion among the people. Such is the way in which a learned hypothesis arises; and on this particular hypothesis may be pronounced what Lessing said of many an older one—Dust! and nothing but dust! In conclusion, I may add what Nicolai has already observed, that Lessing was wholly misinformed as to the history and chronology of Freemasonry. So far from arising out of the ashes of the Templar traditions at the end of the seventeenth century, we have seen that it was fully matured in the forty-sixth year of that century, and therefore long before the rebuilding of St. Paul's. In fact, Sir Christopher Wren was himself elected Deputy Grand-Master of the Freemasons in 1666: and in less than twenty years after (viz. in 1685) he became Grand-Master.

3. *Baphomet.*—But, says Mr. Nicolai, the Templars had a secret, and the Freemasons have a secret; and the secrets agree in this, that no uninitiated person has succeeded in discovering either. Does not this imply some connection

originally between the two orders; more especially if it can be shown that the two secrets are identical? Sorry I am, my venerable friend, to answer—No. Sorry I am, in your old days, to be under the necessity of knocking on the head a darling hypothesis of yours, which has cost you, I doubt not, much labour of study and research—much thought—and, I fear also, many many pounds of candles. But it is my duty to do so; and indeed, considering Mr. Nicolai's old age and his great merits in regard to German literature, it would be my duty to show him no mercy, but to lash him with the utmost severity for his rotten hypothesis—if my time would allow it. But to come to business. The Templars, says old Nicolai, had a secret. They had so; but what was it? According to Nicolai it consisted in the denial of the Trinity, and in a scheme of natural religion opposed to the dominant Popish Catholicism. Hence it was that the Templars sought to make themselves independent of the other Catholic clergy; the novices were required to abjure the divinity of Christ, and even to spit upon a crucifix, and trample it under foot. Their Anti-Trinitarianism Mr. Nicolai ascribes to their connection with the Saracens, who always made the doctrine of the Trinity a matter of reproach to the Franks. He supposes that, during periods of truce in captivity, many Templars had, by communication with learned Mohammedans, become enlightened to the errors and the tyranny of Popery; but at the same time strengthening their convictions of the falsehood of Mahometanism, they had retained nothing of their religious doctrines but Monotheism. These heterodoxies, however, under the existing power of the hierarchy and the universal superstition then prevalent, they had the strongest reasons for communicating to none but those who were admitted into the highest degree of their order—and to them only symbolically. From these data, which may be received as tolerably probable and conformable to the depositions of the witnesses on the trial of the Templars, old Mr. Nicolai flatters himself that he can unriddle the mystery of mysteries —viz., Baphomet (Baffomet, Baphemet, or Baffometus); which was the main symbol of the Knights Templars in the highest degrees. This Baphomet was a figure representing a human bust, but sometimes of monstrous and caricature appearance, which symbolised the highest object of the Templars; and therefore upon the meaning of Baphomet hinges the explanation of the great Templar mystery.

First, then, Mr. Nicolai tells us what Baphomet was *not.* It was not Mohammed. According to the genius of the Arabic language out of Mohammed might be made Mahomet or Bahomet, but not Baphomet. In some Latin historians about the period of the Crusades, Bahomet is certainly used for Mahomet, and in one writer perhaps Baphomet (viz., in the *Epistola Anselmi de Ribodimonte ad Manassem Archiepiscopum Remensem*, of the year 1099, in Dachery's *Spicilegium*, tom. ii. p. 431,—"Sequenti die aurorâ apparente altis vocibus *Baphomet* invocaverunt; et nos Deum nostrum in cordibus nostris deprecantes impetum fecimus in cos, et de muris civintatis omnes expulimus.") Nicolai, supposing that the cry of the Saracens was in this case addressed to their own prophet, concludes that *Baphomet* is an error of the press for *Bahomet*, and that this is put for *Mahomet.* But it is possible that *Baphomet* may be the true reading: for it may not have been used in devotion for Mahomet, but scoffingly as the known watchword of the Templars. But it contradicts the whole history of the Templars—to suppose that they had introduced into their order the worship of an image of Mahomet. In fact, from all the records of their trial and persecution, it results that no such charge was brought against them by their enemies. And, moreover, Mahometanism itself rejects all worship of images.

Secondly, not being Mahomet, what *was* it ? It was, says Mr. Nicolai, Βαφη μητȣς, *i.e.*, as he interprets it, the word *Baphomet* meant the *baptism of wisdom* ; and the image so called represented God the universal Father—*i.e.*, expressed the *unity* of the Divine Being. By using this sign therefore, under this name, which portook much of a Gnostic and Cabbalistic spirit, the Templars indicated their dedication to the truths of natural religion.

Now, in answer to this learned conceit of Mr. Nicolai's, I would wish to ask him—

First, in an age so barbarous as that of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when not to be able to read or write was no disgrace how came a body of rude warriors like the Templars to descend into the depths of Gnosticism ?

Secondly, if by the image called Baphomet they meant to represent the unity of God, how came they to designate it by a name which expresses no attribute of the deity, but simply a mystical ceremony amongst themselves (viz., the baptism of wisdom) ?

Thirdly, I will put a home question to Mr. Nicolai : and let him parry it if he can : How many heads had Baphomet? His own conscience will reply—Two. Indeed, a whole length of Baphomet is recorded which had also four feet ; but, supposing these to be disputed, Mr. Nicolai can never dispute away the two heads. Now, what sort of a symbol would a two-headed image have been for the expression of unity of being ? Answer me that, Mr. Nicolai. Surely the rudest skulls of the twelfth century could have expressed their meaning better.

Having thus upset my learned brother's hypothesis, I now come forward with my own. Through the illumination which some of the Templars gained in the East as to the relations in which they stood to the Pope and Romish church, but still more perhaps from the suggestions of their own great power and wealth opposed to so rapacious and potent a supremacy, there gradually arose a separate Templar interest no less hostile to the Pope and clergy of Rome than to Mahomet. To this separate interest they adapted an appropriate scheme of theology; but neither the one nor the other could be communicated with safety except to their own superior members: and thus it became a mystery of the order. Now this mystery was symbolically expressed by a two-headed figure of *Baphomet: i.e.*, of the Pope and Mahomet together. So long as the Templars continued orthodox, the watchword of their undivided hostility was *Mahomet:* but as soon as the Pope became an object of jealousy and hatred to them, they devised a new watchword which should covertly express their double-headed enmity by intertwisting the name of the Pope with that of Mahomet.* This they effected by cutting off the two first letters of *Mahomet*, and substituting *Bap* or *Pap*—the first syllable of *Papa*. Thus arose the compound word Baphomet; and hence it was that the image of Baphomet was figured with two heads, and was otherwise monstrous in appearance. When a Templar was initiated into the highest degree of the order, he was shown this image of Baphomet, and received a girdle with certain ceremonies which referred to that figure. At sight of this figure in the general chapters of the order, the knights expressed their independence of the church and the church creed, by testifying their abhorrence of the crucifix, and by worshipping the sole God of heaven and earth. Hence they called a newly-initiated member a "friend of God, who could now speak with God if he chose"—*i.e.*, without the intermediation of the Pope and the church. Upon this explanation of Baphomet, it becomes sufficiently plain why the secret was looked upon as so inviolable that even upon the rack it could not be extorted from them. By such a confession the order would have exposed itself to a still more cruel persecution, and a more inevitable destruction. On the other hand, upon Mr. Nicolai's explanation, it is difficult to conceive why, under such extremities, the accused should not have confessed the truth. In all probability the court of Rome had good information of the secret tendency of the Templar doctrines; and hence, no doubt, it was Pope Clement V. proceeded so furiously against them.

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* Those who are acquainted with the German Protestant writers about the epoch of the Reformation, will remember the many fanciful combinations extracted from the names Pabst (Pope) and Mahomet by all manner of dislocations and inversions of their component letters.

Now then I come to my conclusion, which is this: If the Knights Templars had no other secret than one relating to a *political* interest which placed them in opposition to the Pope and the claims of the Roman Catholic clergy on the one hand, and to Mahomet on the other—then it is impossible that there can have been any affinity or resemblance whatsoever between them and the Freemasons; for the Freemasons have never in any age troubled themselves about either Mahomet or the Pope. Popery * and Mahometanism are alike indifferent to the Freemasons, and always have been. And in general the object of the Freemasons is not political. Finally, it is in the highest degree probable that the secret of the Knights Templars perished with their order: for it is making too heavy a demand on our credulity—to suppose that a secret society never once coming within the light of history can have propagated itself through a period of four centuries—*i.e.*, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century, in which century it has been shown that Freemasonry first arose.

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* In rejecting Roman Catholic candidates for admission into their order—the reader must remember that the Freemasons objected to them not *as* Roman Catholics, but as persons of intolerant principles. —*Translator.*

KANT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER,

IN RELATION TO

THE SENSE OF THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

"MY purpose," says Kant, "is not to portray the characters of different nations in detail: I sketch only a few features, which may express the feeling, in those characters, for the Sublime and the Beautiful. In such a portraiture it is evident that only a tolerable accuracy can be demanded; that the prototypes of the features selected are prominent only in the great crowd of those that make pretensions to refined feelings; and that no nation is entirely wanting in minds which unite the best qualities of both feelings. Any blame, therefore, which may touch the character of a nation in the course of these strictures ought not to offend any one—the blame being of such a nature that every man may toss off the ball to his neighbour. Whether these national distinctions are contingently dependent on the colour of the times and the quality of the government, or are bound to the climate by a certain necessity, I do not here inquire."

Among the nations of our quarter of the globe, the Italians and the French are in my opinion those who are most distinguished for the sense of the Beautiful—the Germans, the English, and the Spaniards for the sense of the Sublime. Holland may be set down as a country in which neither feeling is very observable. The Beautiful is either fascinating and affecting, or gay and enlivening. The first contains something of the Sublime: and the mind, whilst under the influence of this class of beauty, is meditative and enraptured; but under the influence of the other, laughing and joyous. The first kind of beauty seems to be most congenial to the Italian taste; the second to the French. The Sublime, where it is expressed by the national character, takes either a more terrific character, which verges a little to the Adventurous and Romantic; or secondly, it is a feeling for the Noble; or thirdly, for the Magnificent. Upon certain grounds I feel warranted in ascribing the first style of feeling to the Spaniard, the second to the Englishman, and the third to the German. The feeling for the Magnificent is not natively so original as the rest: and, although a spirit of imitation may easily be connected with any other feeling, yet it is more peculiarly connected with the glittering Sublime: for this is a mixed feeling, composed of the sense for the Beautiful and the Sublime, in which each considered separately is colder—and the mind more at leisure to attend to examples, and stands more in need of examples to excite and support it. The German, therefore, has less feeling for the Beautiful than the Frenchman, and less for the Sublime than the Englishman: but in those cases where it is necessary that both should appear united, the result will be more congenial to his mind: and he will also more readily avoid those errors into which an extravagant degree of either feeling exclusively is apt to fall. The taste which I have attributed to different nations is confirmed by the choice which they severally make amongst the arts and sciences. The Italian genius has distinguished itself especially in Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. All these fine arts meet with an equally * refined culture in France, although their beauty is here less touching. Taste, in reference to the poetic and rhetoric ideal, tends in France more to the Beautiful, in England more to the Sublime. Elegant playfulness, comedy, laughing satire, amorous trifling, and the light, cursory, and fugitive style of writing, are in France native and original. In England, on the contrary, the natural product of the national mind are thoughts of profound meaning, tragedy, epic poetry, and generally the massy gold of wit, which under the French hammer is beat out to thin leaves of greater surface. In Germany the fine thinking of the nation even yet gleams through a covering of false tinsel. Formerly this reproach existed to a shocking degree; but latterly, by better models, and the good sense of the people, the national style has been raised to a character of higher grace and nobility; but the grace has less naiveté than it has amongst the French, and the nobility not so firm and confident a movement as it has amongst the English. The tendency of the Dutch taste to a painful elaborateness of arrangement and to a prettiness, which is apt to settle into heaviness and

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* To the injudicious reader it need not be said how strikingly in opposition to facts is Kant's judgment on the French taste in the Fine Arts. What the French poetry is most men know: the French music is the jest of Europe: and if we except the single name of Poussin, there is no other in any of the Fine Arts which can impress any ear with much reverence.

distraction, does not allow us to presume much sensibility for the artless and freer movements of the genius, the products of which are only disfigured by too anxious a fear of faults. To all the arts and sciences nothing can be more hostile than the romantic or barbaresque taste; for this distorts nature itself, which is the universal prototype of the noble and the beautiful: and hence it is that the Spanish nation has shown little feeling for the fine arts or the sciences.

The national mind is in any case best expounded by the direction of its moral feelings: I shall therefore next consider the feelings of different nations in relation to the Sublime and Beautiful from this point of view. The *Spaniard* is serious, reserved, and punctiliously faithful to his word. There are few more upright merchants in the world than the Spanish. The Spaniard has a proud soul, and more sympathy with grandeur in actions than with those qualities of action which come more under the title of the Beautiful. Not much of benignity or gentleness is to be found in his composition: and hence he is often harsh and even cruel. The *auto da fe* keeps its ground in Spain not so much through superstition as through the national passion for a barbaresque grandeur, which is affected by the solemnities of a dreadful procession, in the course of which the *San Benito*, painted over with devilish forms, is delivered up to the flames which a hideous bigotry has lit. It cannot be so properly said that the Spaniard is prouder or more amorous than those of other nations, as that he displays both passions in a more barbaresque manner. To leave the plough standing still, and to strut about in a long sword and cloak until the traveller is past: or in a bull-fight, where the beauties of the land are for once seen unveiled, to proclaim the lady of his affections by a special salute—and then to seek to do honour to this lady by precipitating himself into a dangerous contest with a savage animal, are strange acts, and far remote from nature. The *Italian* seems to have a mixed temperament, composed partly of the French and partly of the Spanish: he has more sensibility to the Beautiful than the Spaniard, and to the Sublime than the Frenchman: and by this clue I am of opinion that the other features of his moral character may be explained. The *Frenchman*, in regard to all moral feelings, has a domineering sense of the Beautiful. He has a fine address, is courteous and obliging. He readily assumes a confidential tone: is playful and unconstrained in conversation; and he only who has the polite feelings of a Frenchman can enter into the full meaning of the expression—*a man or a lady of good tone.* Even the sublimer feelings of a Frenchman—and he has many such—are subordinated to his sense of the Beautiful, and derive their strength from their fusion with these. He is passionately fond of wit, and will make no scruple of sacrificing a little truth to a happy conceit. On the other hand, where there is no opportunity for wit, a Frenchman displays a spirit of as radical and profound investigation as men of any nation whatever: for instance, in mathematics, and in the other profound and austere sciences. In the metaphysics, however, the ethics, and the theology of this nation, it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. A delusive glitter commonly prevails in such works, which cannot stand the test of sober examination. A Frenchman loves the audacious in all his opinions: but he who would arrive at the truth had need to be—not audacious, but cautious. French history tends naturally to memoirs and anecdotes, in which there is no improvement to desire but that they were—true. A *bon-mot* has not that fugitive value in

France which it has elsewhere; it is eagerly propagated, and treasured up in books, as if it were the weightiest of events. The Frenchman is a peaceable citizen, and revenges himself for any oppressive acts of the* Farmers-General by satires or by parliamentary remonstrances, which, having fulfilled their purposes by shedding a patriotic *eclât* over the fathers of the people, are dismissed to be celebrated by the poets. The great object to which the meritorious qualities and national capacities of this people are mainly referred, is the female sex. Not that woman is in France more loved or esteemed than elsewhere, but because it is woman that furnishes the occasion for exhibiting in the best attitude the darling talents of wit, good breeding, and polished manners; in fact, a vain person loves in either sex nobody but himself; all other persons are simply the engines by which he makes the most favourable display of his own advantages. As the French are not wanting in noble qualities, which, however, can be animated and excited only by the feeling of the Beautiful, it is evident that the fair sex would have it in its power to animate the men to noble actions beyond what is seen in any other part of the world, if there were any disposition to favour this direction of the national temper. Pity that the lilies do not spin! The fault to which the character of this nation most verges is the tendency to trifling, or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests; and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties. In old age the Frenchman is still singing songs of pleasure, and to the best of his power is still gallant to the women. In speaking thus, I have high authorities to warrant me from amongst the French themselves; and I shall shelter myself from any displeasure which I might else incur by pleading the sanction of a Montesquieu and a D'Alembert. The *Englishman*, at the commencement of every acquaintance, is cold and reserved, and towards all strangers is indifferent. He has little inclination to show any complaisance or obligingness in trifles; on the other hand, where he feels sincere friendship, he is disposed to express it by important services. He gives himself very little trouble to display wit in conversation, or to recommend himself by any politeness of manner: on the other hand, his demeanour expresses high good sense and sobriety of mind. The Englishman is bad at imitation; he asks little about other people's opinions, and follows nothing but his own taste and humour. In relation to women he does not manifest the French spirit of courtly homage, but nevertheless testifies far more of sincere respect for them; indeed, he pushes this too far, and in the married state usually allows his wife an unlimited influence. He is firm, at times even to obstinacy; bold and resolute even to rashness; and he acts in general upon principle in a degree amounting almost to obduracy. He is prone to fall into eccentricity of habits or opinions, not from vanity, but because he has a slight regard for what others say or think, and because he is not forward to put any force on his own inclinations out of complaisance or out of imitation; on this account he is rarely so much beloved as the Frenchman, but, when he is once known, much more respected. The *German* has a mixed temper, composed of the English and French, but partaking much more of the first: and, whenever a German discovers a closer resemblance to the Frenchman, it is undoubtedly an artificial or mimical resemblance. He has a happy equilibrium of sensibility to the Sublime and the Beautiful:

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* The reader must remember that this essay was written as early as 1764.

and if he does not rival the Englishman in the first nor the Frenchman in the second, yet he surpasses either separately in so far as he combines them both. He discovers more urbanity in social intercourse than the Englishman ; and if he does not bring into company so much wit and agreeable vivacity as the Frenchman, he manifests more modesty and good sense. In love, as in every other direction of taste, he is tolerably methodic ; and, because he combines the sense of the Beautiful with the sense of the Sublime, he is cold enough, in contemplating either separately, to keep his head free for considerations of decorum, of pomp, and show. Hence it is that, in his civil relations no less than in love, family—rank—and titles are matters of supreme importance. He inquires far more earnestly than either the Frenchman or the Englishman—what people will think of him : and, if there is any one feature of his character which calls aloud for a capital improvement, it is this very weakness, which is the cause that he shrinks with timidity from the hardiness of originality even when he has all the talents for it: and, through this over-anxiety about the opinions of others, his moral qualities lose all ground of stability, and become fickle as the weather, hollow, and artificial. The *Dutchman* is of a regular and painstaking temper ; and, looking only to the useful, he has little sensibility to that which in a finer sense is either Beautiful or Sublime. A great man is equivalent in his vocabulary to a rich man ; by a friend he means a correspondent ; and a visit is exceedingly tedious to him, unless it returns some nett profit. He is the ideal contrast to the Frenchman as well as to the Englishman, and may be briefly described as a phlegmatic German.

If we make an attempt to apply these thoughts to any particular case,—as, for instance, to the feeling for honour and distinction,—the following national differences discover themselves. The sensibility to honour is, in the Frenchman vanity; in the Spaniard arrogance; in the Englishman pride; in the German haughtiness; and in the Dutchman (*sit venia verbo !*) pomposity. These expressions may seem at first sight to be equipollent; but they denote very remarkable differences. Vanity courts approbation, is inconstant and changeable, but its outward demeanour is courteous. The arrogant man is bloated with a false and pleasurable conceit of himself, which he takes little trouble to support by the approbation of others; his deportment is stiff and unbending. Pride is, strictly speaking, nothing more than a greater consciousness of one's own merits; and this consciousness may often be very justly founded; whence it is that we talk of a "noble pride;" but we can never attribute to a man a noble arrogance, because this always indicates an ill-founded and exaggerated self-estimation: the deportment of the proud man towards others is cold and expressive of indifference. The haughty man is a proud man, that is, at the same time a vain one.* The approbation, however, which he solicits from others, must be shown in testimonies of respect. Therefore it is that he would willingly glitter with titles—genealogies and external pageantry. The German beyond all other people is infected with this infirmity. The words "Gracious," "High-born," "Well-born," and the rest of that bombastic diction, make the German language stiff and unwieldy—and stand in the way of that beautiful simplicity which other nations have been able to communicate to their style. The characteristic of the haughty man's demeanour in company is—ceremoniousness. The pompous man is he who expresses his self-conceit by clear marks of contempt for others. The characteristic of his behaviour is coarseness. This wretched temper is of all the furthest removed from polished taste, because obviously and unequivocally stupid: for assuredly it is no rational means of gratifying the passion for honour to challenge everybody about one by undisguised contempt to hatred and caustic ridicule.

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* It is by no means necessary that a haughty man should be at the same time an arrogant man—*i.e.*, should make an exaggerated and fanciful estimate of his advantages: it is possible that he may value himself at no higher rate than his just worth. His error lies in a false taste which presides over his manner of giving expression and importance to his claims externally.

Religion, in our quarter of the globe, is not the offspring of taste—but has a more venerable derivation. Hence it is only the aberrations of men in religion, and that which may be regarded as strictly of human origin, which can furnish any means of determining the differences of national characters. Thêse aberrations I arrange under the following classes—credulity, superstition, fanaticism, and indifference. *Credulity* is, for the most part, the characteristic of the uninformed part of every nation, although they have no remarkable fineness of feelings. Their convictions depend merely upon hearsay and upon plausible appearances; and with the impulses to these convictions no refinement of feeling is blended. Illustrations of this must be sought for amongst the nations of the north. The credulous man, when his taste is at all barbaresque, becomes superstitious. Nay, this taste is of itself a ground of credulity; and if we suppose the case of two men, one of them infected with this taste, and the other of a colder and less passionate frame of mind,—the* first, even though he should possess a much more powerful understanding, will nevertheless be sooner seduced by his predominant feeling to believe anything unnatural than the other—whom not his discernment but his commonplace and phlegmatic feelings have preserved from this aberration of the judgment. The superstitious man places between himself and the supreme object of his adoration certain mighty and marvellous men—giants, if I may so express myself, of religion —whom nature obeys, whose adjuring voice opens and shuts the iron gates of Tartarus, and who, whilst with their heads they reach the heavens, plant their feet upon the earth. Intellectual culture will on this account have great obstacles to overcome in Spain; not so much from the ignorance with which it has to contend, as because it is thwarted by a perverted taste which never feels itself in a state of elevated emotion unless where its object is barbaresque. *Fanaticism* is a sort of devout temerity, and is occasioned by a peculiar pride and an excess of self-confidence—with the view of stepping nearer to the divine nature, and raising itself above the ordinary and proscribed course of things. The fanatic talks of nothing but immediate revelations, and of direct intuitions; whereas the superstitious man spreads before these great images a veil of wonder-working saints, and rests his whole confidence upon the imaginary and inimitable perfections of other persons participating a common nature with himself. I have before remarked that the intellectual aberrations carry

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* By the way, it has been noticed as a singular fact that so wise a nation as the English are notwithstanding easily moved to put faith in any marvellous and absurd statement which is boldly advanced; and many examples of this are on record. But a bold style of intellect like

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the English, previously trained by an extensive experience in which many inexplicable difficulties occur to a meditative mind, bursts more vigorously through all the little jealous considerations and scruples by which a weak and mistrustful intellect is checked and fettered in its assents: and thus the inferior mind, without any merit of its own, is sometimes preserved from error.—*Note of Kant's.*

signs along with them of the national character of feeling; and hence it is that fanaticism has been chiefly found (formerly at least) in Germany and in England, and is to be regarded as an unnatural product of the noble feeling which belongs to the characters of these two nations. And let it be observed that fanaticism is not by many degrees so injurious as superstition, although at first it is more outrageous; for the fervours of a fanatical mind cool and effervesce by degrees, and agreeably to the general analogies of nature must at length subside to the ordinary level of temperature: whereas superstition roots itself continually deeper and deeper in a quiet and passive frame of mind, and robs the fettered being of all the confidence requisite for ever liberating itself from a pestilent delusion. Finally, the vain and frivolous man is always without any powerful feeling for the Sublime: his religion, therefore, is unimpassioned and generally an affair of fashion, which he goes through with the utmost good-breeding and entire cold-heartedness. This is practical *indifference*, to which the French national mind seems to be the most inclined: from this to the profanest mockery of religion there is but one step: and, to say the truth, estimated by its inner value—indifference seems but trivially preferable to the entire rejection of religion.

If we throw a hasty glance over the other quarters of the world, we find the Arabs—the noblest people of the East, but of a temperament in respect to taste which tends much to the barbaresque and the unnaturally romantic. The Arab is hospitable, magnanimous, and observant of his word; but his fictions, and his history, and his whole feelings are veined and coloured with the marvellous. His inflamed imagination presents objects in unnatural and distorted images; and even the propagation of his religion was a great romance. If the Arabs are, as it were, the Asiatic Spaniards, the *Persians* are the Asiatic Frenchmen. They are good poets, courteous, and of tolerably refined taste. They are not rigorous followers of Islam ; and they allow to their own voluptuous tendencies a pretty latitudinarian interpretation of the Koran. The *Japanese* may be regarded partially as the Englishman of the Oriental world; but hardly for any other qualities than their firmness, which degenerates into obstinacy, their courage, and their contempt of death. In all other respects they show few marks of the grand English style of mind. The nations of *India* discover a domineering taste for fooleries of that class which run into the barbaresque. Their religion is made up of fooleries. Idols of hideous forms—the invaluable tooth of the mighty ape Hanumann, the unnatural penances of the Fakir (the mendicant friar of Paganism), are all in this taste. The self-immolations of women, on the same funeral pile which consumes the corpses of their husbands, are abominable instances of the barbaresque. What senseless fooleries are involved in the prolix and elaborate compliments of the *Chinese!* Even their paintings are senseless, and exhibit marvellous forms that are nowhere to be seen in nature. They have, also, more than any people on earth besides, traditional fooleries that are consecrated by ancient usage ; such, for instance, as the ceremony still retained at Pekin, during an eclipse of the sun or the moon, of driving away the dragon that is attempting to swallow up those heavenly bodies—a ceremony derived from the elder ages of grossest ignorance, and still retained in defiance of better information.

The negroes of Africa have from nature no feeling which transcends the childish level. Mr. Hume challenges any man to allege a single case in which a negro has shown the least talent; and maintains that, out of all the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who have been transported from their native homes to other countries, not one (though many* have been manumitted) has been found that has ever performed anything great either in art, science, or any other creditable path of exertion; whereas among the Whites many are continually rising to distinction from the lowest classes of the people: so radical is the difference between these two races of men—a difference which seems to be not less in regard to the intellectual faculties than in regard to colour. The religion which is so widely diffused amongst them—viz., the Fetish, is probably that form of idolatry which descends as profoundly into imbecile folly as human nature can tolerate. A bird's feather, a cow's horn, a cockle-shell, or any other trifle, is no sooner consecrated by a few words than it becomes an object of adoration, and of abjuration in the taking of oaths. The Blacks are very vain, but after a negro fashion; and so talkative that it is necessary to cudgel them asunder.

Amongst all savages there are no tribes which discover so elevated a character as those of North America. They have a strong passion for honour; and whilst in chase of it, they pursue wild adventures for hundreds of miles; they are exceedingly cautious to avoid the slightest violations of it when an enemy as stern as themselves, having succeeded in making them prisoners, endeavours to extort from their agonies sighs of weakness and of fear. The Canadian savage is veracious and upright. The friendship which he contracts is as romantic and as enthusiastic as anything which has descended to us from the fabulous times of antiquity. He is proud in excess, is sensible of the whole value of freedom, and even through the period of education he brooks no treatment which could subject him to a degrading submission. Lycurgus in all probability gave laws to just such savages; and if a great lawgiver were to arise amongst the Six Nations, the world would behold a Spartan republic arise amongst the savages of the new world; as in fact the voyage of the Argonauts is not very dissimilar to the military expeditions of the Indians; and Jason has little advantage of Attakakullakulla except in the honour of a Grecian name. All these savages have little sensibility to the Beautiful in a moral sense; and the magnanimous forgiveness of an injury, which is at the same time noble and beautiful, is wholly unknown to savages as a virtue, and despised as a miserable weakness. Courage is the supreme merit of the savage; and Revenge his sweetest pleasure. The other natives of this quarter of the globe show few traces of a temperament open to the finer impressions of sentiment; and indeed the general characteristic of this division of mankind is an extraordinary defect of sensibility.

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* *How* many, Mr. Professor Kant? And at what age? Be this as it may, common sense demands that we should receive evidence to the intellectual pretensions of the Blacks from the unprejudiced judges who have lived amongst them, not from those who are absurd enough to look for proofs of negro talent in the shape of books.

If we examine the state of the sexual relations in these various regions of the earth, we find that the European only has discovered the secret of adorning the sensual attractions of a mighty passion with so many flowers, and of interweaving it with so much of moral feeling, that he has not only exalted its fascinations, but has also brought it entirely within the limits of social decorum. The Orientalist is, in this point, of very false taste. Having no idea of the morally Beautiful that may be connected with this instinct, he forfeits even the better part of the mere sensual pleasure; and his Harem becomes to him a perpetual source of inquietude. Woman, on her part, degraded to the level of the mere instrument and means of sensual pleasures, loses all her dignity—and consequently her personal rights. Whether as an unmarried virgin, or as the wife of a jealous and intractable brute, she is in the East eternally a prisoner. Amongst the Blacks, what can a man look for better than what in fact is everywhere found—that is to say, the whole female sex in a state of the profoundest slavery? A faint-hearted man is always a severe master to his weaker dependants; just as with us, that man is sure to play the tyrant in his own kitchen who has hardly courage enough to look anybody in the face when he steps out of doors. Père Labat indeed tells us—that a negro gentleman, whom he had been reproaching with his tyrannical treatment of his women, returned this answer: "You Whites are downright fools: for you first of all allow your wives too much liberty; and then you complain when they abuse it —and make your heads ache." At first sight it might seem as if there was something in this remark which merited a little attention: but, to cut the matter short, the fellow was a Black—black as soot from head to foot; an unanswerable proof that what he said was bestially stupid. Of all savages there are none amongst whom women enjoy more real consideration and influence than the noble savages of North America. In this point, indeed, perhaps the Canadian women have the advantage of those even in our refined quarter of the globe. I do not mean that any submissive attentions and homage are there paid to women: these are mere forms of hollow compliment. No, the Canadian women enjoy actual power: they meet and deliberate upon the weightiest ordinances of the nation—whether regarding peace or war. Upon the result of their debates they despatch delegates to the male council; and commonly it is their voice which prevails. This privilege, however, they purchase dearly: all the household concerns are thrown on their shoulders; and they take their share in all the hardships and toils of the men.

Finally, if we cast a glance over the page of history, we perceive the taste of men—like a Proteus—everlastingly assuming new and variable forms. The ancient times of the Greeks and Romans exhibited unequivocal marks of a legitimate feeling for the Beautiful as well as the Sublime in Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Legislation, and even in Morals. The government of the Roman Emperors changed the noble as well as the beautiful simplicity into the magnificent and gorgeous—and at length into that spurious glitter of finery which still survives for our instruction in their rhetoric, their poetry, and even in the history of their manners. Gradually, and in sympathy with the general decline of the state, even this bastard relique of the purer taste was extinguished. The Barbarians, after that they had established their power on the ruins of the empire, introduced a peculiar form of corrupt taste which is styled the Gothic—and is built upon the passion for the childish. This passion displayed itself not merely in architecture, but in the sciences and in the general spirit of the manners and usages. The highest point to which human genius was able to soar in its attempt to master the sublime was the Barbaresque. Romances, both temporal and spiritual, were then exhibited on the stage of nations; and oftentimes a disgusting and monstrous abortion of both in combination—monks, with the mass-book in one hand, and the warlike banner in the other, followed by whole armies of deluded victims destined to lay their bones in other climates and in a holier soil; consecrated warriors, solemnly dedicated by vow to outrage and the perpetration of crimes; and in their train a strange kind of heroic visionaries, who styled themselves knights—and were in search of adventures, tournaments, duels, and romantic achievements. During this period, Religion together with the Sciences was disfigured by miserable follies; and we have occasion to observe that taste does not easily degenerate on one side without giving clear indications of corruption in everything else that is connected with the finer feelings. The conventual vows transformed a large body of useful citizens into busy idlers, whose dreaming style of life fitted them to hatch a thousand scholastic absurdities—which thence issued to the world and propagated their species. Finally, after that the genius of man has by a species of Palingenesis toiled up from an almost entire desolation to its former heights, we behold in our own days the just taste for the Beautiful and the Noble blooming anew as well in the arts and sciences as in moral sentiment; and we have now nothing left to wish for—but that the false glitter, with its easy and specious delusions, may not debauch us imperceptibly from the grandeur of simplicity; more especially that the still undiscovered secret of education may be extricated from ancient abuses—so as to raise betimes the moral sensibilities in the bosom of every youthful citizen to efficient and operative feelings; and for this happy result—that all culture and refinement of taste may no longer terminate in the fugitive and barren pleasure of pronouncing judgment with more or less good taste, upon what is external to ourselves and alien from our highest interests.

* * *

ANALECTS FROM RICHTER.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN SWEDEN.

SWEDEN apart, the condition of a parish priest is in itself sufficiently happy; in Sweden, then, much more so. There he enjoys summer and winter pure and unalloyed by any tedious interruptions. A Swedish spring, which is always a late one, is no repetition, in a lower key, of the harshness of winter, but anticipates, and is a prelibation of perfect summer—laden with blossoms—radiant with the lily and the rose; insomuch, that a Swedish summer night represents implicitly one-half of Italy, and a winter night one-half of the world beside.

I will begin with winter, and I will suppose it to be Christmas. The priest, whom we shall imagine to be a German, and summoned from the southern climate of Germany upon presentation to the church of a Swedish hamlet lying in a high polar latitude, rises in cheerfulness about seven o'clock in the morning, and till half-past nine he burns his lamp. At nine o'clock the stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon even yet longer. This prolongation of starlight into the forenoon is to him delightful, for he is a German, and has a sense of something marvellous in a starry forenoon. Methinks I behold the priest and his flock moving towards the church with lanterns; the lights dispersed amongst the crowd connect the congregation into the appearance of some domestic group or larger household, and carry the priest back to his childish years during the winter season and Christmas matins, when every hand bore its candle. Arrived at the pulpit, he declares to his audience the plain truth, word for word, as it stands in the gospel; in the presence of God all intellectual pretensions are called upon to be silent, the very reason ceases to be reasonable, nor is anything reasonable in the sight of God but a sincere and upright heart. . . . .

Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church the bright Christmas sun ascends above the horizon, and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all tinged with the colours of youth by the rosy morning lustre; and the priest, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the churchyard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves together, might secretly exclaim with the poet—"Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, uprises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom. And her children? Yes: but they must wait awhile."

At home he is awaited by a warm study, and a "long-levelled rule" of sunlight upon the book-clad wall.

The afternoon he spends delightfully; for, having before him such perfect flower-stands of pleasures, he scarcely knows where he should settle. Supposing it to be Christmas-day, he preaches again: he preaches on a subject which calls up images of the beauteous eastern-land, or of eternity. By this time, twilight and gloom prevailed through the church: only a couple of wax-lights upon the altar threw wondrous and mighty shadows through the aisles: the angel that hangs down from the roof above the baptismal font is awoke into a solemn life by the shadows and the rays, and seems almost in the act of ascension: through the windows the stars or the moon are beginning to peer: aloft, in the pulpit, which is now hid in gloom, the priest is inflamed and possessed by the sacred burden of glad tidings which he is announcing: he is lost and insensible to all besides; and from amidst the darkness which surrounds him, he pours down his thunders, with tears and agitation, reasoning of future worlds, and of the heaven of heavens, and whatsoever else can most powerfully shake the heart and the affections.

Descending from the pulpit in these holy fervours, he now, perhaps, takes a walk; it is about four o'clock: and he walks beneath a sky lit up by the shifting northern lights, that to his eye appear but an Aurora striking upwards from the eternal morning of the south, or as a forest composed of saintly thickets, like the fiery bushes of Moses, that are round the throne of God.

Thus, if it be the afternoon of Christmas-day; but if it be any other afternoon, visitors, perhaps, come and bring their well-bred, grown-up daughters. Like the fashionable world in London, he dines at sunset; that is to say, like the *un*-fashionable world of London, he dines at two o'clock; and drinks coffee by moonlight; and the parsonage-house becomes an enchanted palace of pleasure gleaming with twilight, starlight, and moonlight. Or, perhaps, he goes over to the schoolmaster, who is teaching his afternoon school; there, by the candle-light, he gathers round his knees all his scholars, as if—being the children of his spiritual children—they must therefore be his own grandchildren; and with delightful words he wins their attention, and pours knowledge into their docile hearts.

All these pleasures failing, he may pace up and down in his library, already, by three o'clock, gloomy with twilight, but fitfully enlivened by a glowing fire, and steadily by the bright moonlight; and he needs do no more than taste at every turn of his walk a little orange marmalade—to call up images of beautiful Italy, and its gardens, and orange groves, before all his five senses, and, as it were, to the very tip of his tongue. Looking at the moon, he will not fail to recollect that the very same silver disc hangs at the very same moment between the branches of the laurels in Italy. It will delight him to consider that the Æolian harp, and the lark, and indeed music of all kinds, and the stars, and children, are just the same in hot climates and in cold. And when the post-boy, that rides in with news from Italy, winds his horn through the hamlet, and with a few simple notes raises up on the frozen window of his study a vision of flowery realms; and when he plays with treasured leaves of roses and of lilies from some departed summer, or with plumes of a bird of paradise, the memorial of some distant friend; when, further, his heart is moved by the magnificent sounds of Lady-Day, Salad-season, Cherry-time, Trinity-Sundays, the rose of June, etc., how can he fail to forget that he is in Sweden by the time that his lamp is brought in; and then, indeed, he will be somewhat disconcerted to recognise his study in what had now shaped itself to his fancy as a room in some foreign land. However, if he would pursue this airy creation, he need but light at his lamp a wax candle end, to gain a glimpse through the whole evening into that world of fashion and splendour, from which he purchased the said wax candle end. For I suppose, that at the court of Stockholm, as elsewhere, there must be candle ends to be bought of the state-footmen.

But now, after the lapse of half-a-year, all at once there strikes upon his heart something more beautiful than Italy, where the sun sets so much earlier in summer-time than it does at our Swedish hamlet: and what is *that?* It is the longest day, with the rich freight it carries in its bosom, and leading by the hand the early dawn blushing with rosy light, and melodious with the carolling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two, that is, at sunrise, the elegant party that we mentioned last winter arrive in gay clothing at the parsonage; for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the priest. At two o'clock they are in motion; at which time all the flowers are glittering, and the forests are gleaming with the mighty light. The warm sun threatens them with no storm nor thunder showers; for both are rare in Sweden. The priest, in common with the rest of the company, is attired in the costume of Sweden; he wears a short jacket with a broad scarf, his short cloak above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribbons; like the rest of the men, he resembles a Spanish knight or a Provençal, or other men of the south; more especially when he and his gay company are seen flying through the lofty foliage luxuriant with blossom, that within so short a period of weeks has shot forth from the garden plots and the naked boughs.

That a longest day like this, bearing such a cornucopia of sunshine, of cloudless ether, of buds and bells, of blossoms and of leisure, should pass away more rapidly than the shortest—is not difficult to suppose. As early as eight o'clock in the evening the party breaks up; the sun is now burning more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers; about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing as it were naked in the blue depths of heaven; about ten, at which hour the company reassembled at the parsonage, the priest is deeply moved, for throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a sullen glow upon the cottages and the window-panes, everything reposes in profoundest silence and sleep: the birds even are all slumbering in the golden summits of the woods · and at last the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, amidst the universal quiet of nature. To our priest, walking in his romantic dress, it seems as though rosy-coloured realms were laid open, in which fairies and spirits range; and he would scarcely feel an emotion of wonder, if, in this hour of golden vision, his brother, who ran away in childhood, should suddenly present himself as one alighting from some blooming heaven of enchantment.

The priest will not allow his company to depart: he detains them in the parsonage garden, where, says he, every one that chooses may slumber away in beautiful bowers the brief, warm hours until the reappearance of the sun. This proposal is generally adopted, and the garden is occupied: many a lovely pair are making believe to sleep, but, in fact, are holding each other by the hand. The happy priest walks up and down through the parterres. Coolness comes, and a few stars. His night-violets and gilly-flowers open and breathe out their powerful odours. To the north, from the eternal morning of the pole, exhales as it were a golden dawn. The priest thinks of the village of his childhood far away in Germany; he thinks of the life of man, his hopes, and his aspirations: and he is calm and at peace with himself. Then all at once starts up the morning sun in his freshness. Some there are in the garden who would fain confound it with the evening sun, and close their eyes again; but the larks betray all, and awaken every sleeper from bower to bower.

Then again begin pleasure and morning in their pomp of radiance; and almost I could persuade myself to delineate the course of this day also, though it differs from its predecessor hardly by so much as the leaf of a rose-bud.

DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I had been reading an excellent dissertation of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of the whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious Heavens! thought I, in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail-shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fulness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers, lie at such a distance from us, that their light, which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two millions of years ago; and thus by optical laws it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished ages ago. Upon this scale of computation for the dimensions of the world, what heights and depths and breadths must there be in this universe—in comparison of which the positive universe would be itself a nihility, were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But is it possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes? Can you lock up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is furthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling-place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out apparelled in light; and by my side there stood another Form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the Form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of *Here*, and the thought of *There*. And, behold! I am yonder,"—pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the Form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming flight, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summits of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star; and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet which was travelling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of the solar bodies—flocks past counting, unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us into pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellations and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulæ. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses: one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us: galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn attitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass into progress. Sometimes the Form that lightened would outfly my weary thoughts; and then it would be seen far off before me like a coruscation amongst the stars—till suddenly I thought again to myself the thought of *There*, and then I was at its side. But as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our heads were not emptier, neither were the heavens below them fuller; and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water-spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary, and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the Form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end?" And the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula, and at length *that* also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended;" and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation: I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing, in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried for ever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish, "Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked: and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries grey with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and at length out of heights inaccessible to thought it had reached us. Now, then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced for ever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, and as once we issued suddenly from the middle of thickest night into an Aurora Borealis, the herald of an expiring world, and we found throughout this cycle of solar systems that a day of judgment had indeed arrived; the suns had sickened, and the planets were heaving—rocking, yawning in convulsions, the subterraneous waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along—from east to west—from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where a sun should have been, we saw instead through the misty vapour a gloomy, ashy, leaden corpse of a solar body, that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista which had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar and planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest, and lead me no further: I am too solitary in the creation itself; and in its deserts yet more so: the full world is great, but the empty world is greater; and with the universe increase its Zaarahs."

Then the Form touched me like the flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before:—"In the presence of God there is no emptiness: above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and fountain of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now then I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened; and I looked, and I saw as it were an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light: and there was a thundering of floods: and there were seas above the seas, and seas below the seas: and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over: and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest: and darkness had become light, and the light darkness: for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-grey blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men: but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light: and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zaarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinning-wheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis,* which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. And in sight of this immeasurability of life no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers.

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits: I was left alone in the centre of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathising being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body; and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of a Madonna; and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a king, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head: but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth; and, as the earth drew near, this child who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

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* On this antique mode of symbolising the mysterious Nature which is at the heart of all things and connects all things into one whole, possibly the reader may feel not unwilling to concur with Kant's remark at page 197 of his *Critik der Urtheilskraft*:—"Perhaps in all human composition there is no passage of greater sublimity, nor amongst all sublime thoughts any which has been more sublimely expressed, than that which occurs in the inscription upon the temple of Isis (the Great Mother—Nature): *I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be: and the veil which is over my countenance no mortal hand has ever raised.*"

I awoke: but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed—Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end; and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter.

COMPLAINT OF THE BIRD IN A DARKENED CAGE.

"Ah!" said the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

ON THE DEATH OF YOUNG CHILDREN.

Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.* Happy are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops † that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noon-day. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards; "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop, into heaven.

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* Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight, supposing them to live to old age.

† If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

ON DEATH.

We should all think of death as a less hideous object, if it simply untenanted our bodies of a spirit, without corrupting them; secondly, if the grief which we experience at the spectacle of our friends' graves were not by some confusion of the mind blended with the image of our own; thirdly, if we had not in this life seated ourselves in a warm domestic nest, which we are unwilling to quit for the cold blue regions of the unfathomable heavens; finally, if death were denied to us. Once in dreams I saw a human being of heavenly intellectual faculties, and his aspirations were heavenly; but he was chained (methought) eternally in the earth. The immortal old man had five great wounds in his happiness—five worms that gnawed for ever at his heart: he was unhappy in spring-time, because *that* is a season of hope, and rich with phantoms of far happier days than any which this aceldama of earth can realise. He was unhappy at the sound of music, which dilates the heart of man into its whole capacity for the infinite, and he cried aloud—"Away, away! Thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!" He was unhappy at the remembrance of earthly affections and dissevered hearts: for love is a plant which may bud in this life, but it must flourish in another. He was unhappy under the glorious spectacle of the starry host, and ejaculated for ever in his heart—"So, then, I am parted from you to all eternity by an impassable abyss: the great universe of suns is above, below, and round about me: but I am chained to a little ball of dust and ashes." He was unhappy before the great ideas of Virtue, of Truth, and of God; because he knew how feeble are the approximations to them which a son of earth can make. But this was a dream: God be thanked, that in reality there is no such craving and asking eye directed upwards to heaven, to which death will not one day bring an answer!

IMAGINATION UNTAMED BY THE COARSER REALITIES OF LIFE.

Happy is every actor in the guilty drama of life, to whom the higher illusion within supplies or conceals the external illusion; to whom, in the tumult of his part and its intellectual interest, the bungling landscapes of the stage have the bloom and reality of nature, and whom the loud parting and shocking of the scenes disturb not in his dream.

SATIRICAL NOTICES OF REVIEWERS.

In Subia, in Saxony, in Pomerania, are towns in which are stationed a strange sort of officers—valuers of authors' flesh, something like our old market-lookers in this town.*

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* "*Market-Lookers*" is a provincial term (I know not whether used in London) for the public officers who examine the quality of the provisions exposed for sale. By *this town* I suppose John Paul to mean Bayreuth, the place of his residence.

They are commonly called tasters (or *Prægustatores*) because they eat a mouthful of every book beforehand, and tell the people whether its flavour be good. We authors, in spite, call them *reviewers:* but I believe an action of defamation would lie against us for such bad words. The tasters write no books themselves; consequently they have the more time to look over and tax those of other people. Or, if they do sometimes write books, they are bad ones: which again is very advantageous to them; for who can understand the theory of badness in other people's books so well as those who have learned it by practice in their own? They are reputed the guardians of literature and the literati for the same reason that St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of bridges and of all who pass over them—viz., because he himself once lost his life from a bridge.

FEMALE TONGUES.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says—"A woman that does not talk must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other except amongst men. In general the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artizans, as tailors, shoemakers, weavers, have this habit as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women. Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work; but women often talk double their share—*even* because they work.

FORGIVENESS.

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation: our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest—the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

The graves of the best of men, of the noblest martyrs, are, like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravian Brethren), level and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and, if the heart could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue, and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And, because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood, therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN IN HIS LITTLENESS.

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour, and a bubble, were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

NIGHT.

The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the daytime appears a pillar of cloud, by night a pillar of fire.

THE STARS.

Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

MARTYRDOM.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus de Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth, made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

THE QUARRELS OF FRIENDS.

Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is that we hard fields of ice shock together so harshly, whilst all the while under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years we are rapidly dissolving.

DREAMING.

But for dreams, that lay mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the antechamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

TWO DIVISIONS OF PHILOSOPHIC MINDS.

There are two very different classes of philosophical heads, which, since Kant has introduced into philosophy the idea of positive and negative quantities, I shall willingly classify by means of that distinction. The *positive* intellect is, like the poet, in conjunction with the outer world, the father of an inner world; and, like the poet also, holds up a transforming mirror in which the entangled and distorted members as they are seen in our actual experience enter into new combinations which compose a fair and luminous world: the hypothesis of Idealism (*i.e.*, the Fichtéan system), the Monads and the Pre-established Harmony of Leibnitz—and Spinozism, are all births of a genial moment, and not the wooden carving of logical toil. Such men, therefore, as Leibnitz, Plato, Herder, etc., I call positive intellects; because they seek and yield the positive; and because their inner world, having raised itself higher out of the water than in others, thereby overlooks a larger prospect of island and continents. A negative head, on the other hand, discovers by its acuteness—not any positive truths, but the negative (*i.e.*, the errors) of other people. Such an intellect, as for example, Bayle, one of the greatest of that class—appraises the funds of others, rather than brings any fresh funds of his own. In lieu of the obscure ideas which he finds he gives us clear ones; but in this there is no positive accession to our knowledge; for all that the clear idea contains in development exists already by implication in the obscure idea. Negative intellects of every age are unanimous in their abhorrence of everything positive. Impulse, feeling, instinct—everything, in short, which is incomprehensible, they can endure just once—that is, at the summit of their chain of arguments, as a sort of hook on which they may hang them, but never afterwards.

DIGNITY OF MAN IN SELF-SACRIFICE.

That, for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child: in short, only for the nobility within us, only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility, this virtue, presents different phases: with the Christian martyr it is faith; with the savage it is honour; with the republican it is liberty.

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